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WHOLE No. 999.

Time.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Yet, why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty, yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past; in their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet;
The same pure stars that we have lov'd to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day; and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections; Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Weep not, that Time
Is passing on; it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,—
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,—
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM, and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill top of her western home,
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,
And "FREEDOM!" "FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day spring!—see, 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That herald the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

Eva Saint Clair.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Chapter I.

'Twas a bright day in the autumn; the brown leaves were still upon the trees, the moss was springing up rich and green round the old roots and upon the sloping banks, and the sun, peeping in wherever the hand of Time had cast down their green garmenture from the earlier shrubs, checkered the ground every here and there with bright glances of yellow light, which, while the wind moved the branches gently above, waved slowly backward and forward, as if well pleased at the velvety cushion on which it rested. The scene was as still and solitary as it was possible to conceive; for those were days in which civil wars and angry strife had diminished by one half the population of merry England. No forester took his way through the wood; no guard of the king's chase or baron's huntsman waited to see whether some churl or yeoman was not aiming the shaft at the royal deer, or entangling the roe-buck in a concealed snare. Stephen, pressed on all sides, had been forced to abandon rights for the sake of popularity; and many a wide track, deserted by its lord, and destitute of inhabitants, remained open to any one that chose to hunt within its precincts.

A low wind sighed through the tops of the trees, and made the dry leaves whisper as if telling each other some solemn tale. The sun shone, as I have said; but with great silence and in the midst of solitude, there is something solemn even in sunshine. At length a woodpecker came down upon the green moss, ran up a neighboring tree, knocked it with its bill where it seemed hollow, and then either came down again upon the ground, or flew on again to another tree, with the wild, melancholy sort of laugh to which that bird gives utterance while upon the wing.

He had gone on this way for nearly an hour, confining his excursions to the limits of a few hundred yards, when suddenly he started up from a green cushion of moss on which he had settled for a moment, and flew away from the open spot, where trees stood far apart, into the depths of the thicker wood beyond.

What was it started the wild bird from the moss? It was a step that fell lightly, and scarcely left a print behind it; but it was quick and hurried, and the small feet that made it was somewhat weary with the length of way it had come.

In a moment after, in the midst of the tall trees where the woodpecker had been disporting himself, there stood the form of a girl of some nineteen or twenty years of age. Over her other clothes she wore a dark brown cloak, such as in those days was very commonly worn by women of the lower orders, and the hood, which formed the principal part of the garment, was brought far over the head. This mantle, rough and rude in itself, seemed also somewhat too large for the person that wore it; but, nevertheless, it could not conceal entirely the grace of the form it covered, nor the movement of each well-turned limb.

The young lady—for no one who saw her could doubt that she was so—paused as she came up to the spot we have mentioned, and gazed round about her somewhat inquiringly, as if she expected to find there something she did not behold.

"It is strange," she said at length, speaking low, in a sweet, melodious voice, like the musical murmuring of a stream, "it is very strange that the old woman is not here. Perhaps I am before the time. I will wait and see," and, seating herself on the mossy bank in the sunshine, she bent down her head upon her hand, and soon fell into a deep fit of meditation. The expression of her countenance grew something more than thoughtful—it grew even melancholy; and so busy did she become with her own thoughts, that her tongue betrayed, from time to time, the ideas that were passing within. "It is very long," she said, "very long since I heard from him. Old Maude has forgotten such feelings, or she would not keep me so long from the letter. I wonder if I shall ever forget them? Oh, I hope not!" And again she fell into silent thought, with her eyes fixed upon the rich green stems of the moss which carpeted the ground beneath her feet. A minute or two after, however, borne upon the light wind came the sound of a distant bell, and, looking up and listening with a smile, she again murmured, "I was too soon! There is the bell of the convent sounding the Angelus."

Scarcely had the last tone died away when another sound met her ear—the sound of a full, clear voice singing a gay country ditty; one of the many for which old England has been famous at all times. The words were in the old Saxon tongue, but they may very nearly be rendered as follows in the English of our own day.

SONG.

Shut the window, close the door,
See, the brown leaves strew the floor;
Chilling winds are in the sky,
Autumn's gone and spring is nigh,
But winter lies between.
Oh, the brown leaves! oh, the brown,
Best of hues for fields or town,
It outlives the goodly green.

Hark, the curfew! Hide the fire;
Let no flame rise like a spire,
But leave enough of ashes bright
To see my Maude's eyes by the light
That the gray embers lend.
Oh, the gray, night's sober gray!
Gold light and blue sky for the day,
But gray on all in the end.

The lady had started up at the very first sounds, and looked in the direction whence they came with some degree of apprehension. As she listened, however, she said, with a more assured countenance, "She has sent her son, the good woodman; yet that does not sound like his voice either. I will creep behind those bushes and watch; but it must be him."

Silently drawing back, and keeping the tree between her and the path by which the singer seemed to be approaching, she placed herself behind some bushes at the distance of between twenty or thirty yards of the spot where she had been seated. As she there stood, the person whose voice she had heard came forward from the thicker part of the wood, looking, as he advanced, toward the westward, which, it must be remarked, was the quarter from which the lady herself had first appeared. He slackened his pace, too, as he came up, so that there could be but little doubt that it was for her he looked. His dress, too, reassured her; for it consisted of the yellow untanned leather coat of the woodman, which, from the green ochrey earth that was employed to clean it, received a tint very much like that of the young leaves of the trees. The coat, indeed, was not in the very best condition, being a good deal worn, and somewhat ragged at the spot where the heavy axe, thrust through the broad belt, had chafed the thick leather for many a day. There was a large gap, too, and a patch upon the right arm; and the fair girl, who was now advancing, with a heart naturally kindly and expanding, at that moment more particularly, from the happy expectation of receiving tidings, thought that she would give the good woodman wherewithal to renew his leathern coat as a reward for bearing her the letter.

The woodman unconscious of her presence, was looking the other way; but, though her step was light, his ears soon caught it, and he turned quickly toward her as she came forward.

There might be seen, the instant that he turned, a sudden change in the lady's look. She stopped, gazed at him with a look of astonishment, and then, uttering a cry of surprise and joy, sprang forward to his arms. In her eagerness, the hood and mantle fell off, disclosing the graceful person, the lovely face, and the rich apparel below, and it was a strange sight, certainly, to see so fair and delicate a creature, habited as might become the daughter of a prince, clasped in the arms of one clothed in such rude attire. It wanted, however, but one glance at his countenance to show that he upon whose bosom the lady hung so fondly was not what he seemed; and every moment spoke of long training to graceful exercises and to courtly demeanor, though each limb was well fitted to wield the heavy sword or couch the tough ash spear. He was tall and powerfully made, but his countenance was mild and kind, and his eye, as it rested upon the fair girl whom he now held to his heart, was full of tenderness and affection as well as joy—joy rising out of grief, and not entirely freed from some portion thereof, like a flower opening out after a shower, but with its head still bent down, and its leaves encumbered with the drops that had fallen heavily upon it. All that the young gentleman said for some time was, "Eva, my beloved Eva;" and all that the lady replied was, "Oh, Richard, how long it is since we have met!"

Then succeeded words of joy, and tenderness, and love; but upon these we will not dwell, for to pause and fix our eyes upon moments of such bright happiness is like gazing upon the sun, which, for long after, prevents us from seeing all other things less bright. They had much to say, however, that was not joyful; they had much to tell that was painful to hear; for, though Eva St. Clair assured him again and again that she would never love any one but him; that, sooner than wed any other, she would take that fatal vow by which many a young, a kind, and affectionate heart bound itself, in those days, to cold solitude for ever, she had yet to tell him that she saw no prospect of her father, the well-known Hubert of St. Clair, changing in any degree his determination of refusing her hand to him whom he had once permitted to expect it as a certain treasure; with whom all her years had been passed, and to whom her young affection had been given. The dissension between their fathers, which, as was so often the case in those days, had been permitted to break through the happiness of their children, seemed, she said, of a character rather to be aggravated than diminished by time, at least in the mind of her father, who, though generous to all, and especially kind to her, would not yield on a point where he conceived his honor was concerned. He, too, had to tell much that was painful. He had to inform her that his father was more than ever attached to the cause of the usurper Stephen, and that he, his son, was still bound to fight upon a side where his heart told him that the cause was unjust, and where his own observation showed him that injustice was upheld by tyranny and wrong; a side in defence of which his arm was weak and his sword fell powerless; where he felt that he could never win renown, because his heart was deprived of all those enthusiasms that lead on to high destinies in whatever cause they are engaged.

Still, however, while they told each other all these sad things, the joy of this meeting again mingled with the sorrow, and many a look of love, and many a fond caress was added, which softened their grief, and made the anticipated evils look far off while hope was born of joy.

Though their meeting, even in the wild chase of the Lords of St. Clair, was a rash and dangerous act, yet they promised to meet again: and still they talked, and still they lingered; nor would they probably have separated for many a moment longer, had not the sound of a horn, echoing through the glades of the green wood, told them that some one was rapidly approaching.

"Fly, Richard, Fly!" exclaimed the fair girl; "it is my father; most likely it is my father; and oh, if he were to find you here, how terrible might be the result."

Richard de Lacy pressed her once more to his heart, once more kissed the sweet lips of her who loved him, and then plunged into the deepest part of the wood; while Eva, snatching up the dark mantle she had dropped, gathered it round her, and, with a quick step, bent her way homeward.

Chapter II.

We must now change the scene for a time; for, in so brief a history as this, the reader's imagination must aid the writer, and supply all those links in the chain which would occupy much time to detail.

On the top of a high wooded hill in the country of Buckingham, which was in those days covered with great forests of beech-trees, rose heavily from amid the green boughs the square, heavy keep of an old Norman castle. This was all that could be seen of the dwelling of the Lords of St. Clair from the lower country which it commanded; but, upon approaching through the chase, vast ranges of walls, and battlements, and outbuildings were seen; moats and ditches covering a great extent of ground, with the turreted gate and barbican thrown forward in front. Though no artillery, in those days, looked down from the battlements, with mouths ready to pour forth fire and destruction upon those who advanced to attack them, yet the aspect of those walls was no less imposing; and bold would have been the man who, without an overwhelming force, would have marched to the assault of the Castle of St. Clair.

Such was not likely to be the case on the day of which we speak. But, nevertheless, there was an imposing display of strength upon the walls—archers, and slingers, and men-at-arms; and, though the gates were thrown open and the drawbridge was down, yet the archway was lined with soldiers, and the great court was half filled with men in complete arms. Often did it happen in those days, that the appearance of reverence covered preparations for defence or resistance; and while Hubert, of St. Clair, stood a few steps beyond the gateway of his own castle, clad in the long and flowing robes which were then much affected in times of peace by the Norman nobles, he looked round upon the iron-clad forms and bristling spears of his men-at-arms with pride and pleasure, while he watched the advance of a small train of horsemen who came slowly up the long road cut down the edge of the wooded hill.

The person who approached at the head of that party was Stephen, king of England; and ever and anon, as he rode up the ascent, he rolled his eyes over the well-manned walls of the castle he was approaching, and murmured some words to himself in a tone of displeasure, perhaps of scorn. When he came near to St. Clair, indeed his face assumed a softer aspect, and he tried hard to smooth his tone and manner when he returned the salutation of the baron. The effort was very unsuccessful, however, and a heavy frown still sat upon his brow as he dismounted from his horse and entered the hall, where everything had been prepared as far to receive him as the shortness of the notice he had given would permit.

"Well, my good lord, well," he said, as he advanced into the hall, still glancing his eye, as he spoke, over every object that the place contained, "I have come all this way from my army to see if I cannot persuade you to give your fair daughter to the son of my noble friend De Lacy."

The baron heard him with a calm, cold countenance, but replied nothing directly, merely saying, "Let me beseech you, my liege, to taste some refreshment, such as my place can afford. Had I known of your coming sooner, I would have been better provided."

"But give me an answer, give me an answer, my good lord," replied the king, "and a fair answer, too, I beseech you."

"I seek not to marry my daughter, sire," replied the baron, in the same cold tone; "perhaps, before I do, she may be a ward of the crown."

Stephen bit his lip, but smothered every inclination to make a sharp reply, saying, in a jesting tone, "But where is the fair lady? where is your daughter, my good lord? Let us have her to council; her voice, surely, will have some weight in the matter."

"Not knowing of your coming, my liege," replied the baron, "she is gone forth, I understand, either to visit the good nuns of Grace Dieu, or to see her old foster-mother Maude, who lives near the small town on the other side of the chase. But where is your noble son, my liege? Your messengers informed me he came with you."

"He follows hard after," answered the king; "perhaps he may have gone to strike a hart in your forest, my good lord. You will not grudge the king's son a head of venison?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied the baron. "But there seems some disturbance without there, as if they were bringing in some one who is hurt. Heaven forbid that your son, my liege, should have met any one of my rough foresters."

Stephen looked instantly toward the court; but, seeing his son, Prince Eustace, on horseback, and apparently safe, he turned again toward the baron, whose attention had been called in another direction.

During the brief time the king's eyes had been turned toward the court, some other persons had been added to the group in the hall; but, ere we proceed to say what brought them thither, we must once more take the wings of imagination, and fly back to the glades of the forest, and to the scenes which had just taken place under their green canopy.

Eva, as we have said, had hastened rapidly homeward; and, though the horns sounded hither and thither at no great distance from her, the path she pursued was for some way quite solitary; till at length, secure from being found in the midst of the wild chase with Richard de Lacy, she slackened her pace and walked more slowly, stopping at last entirely, to take breath and gaze around her, at a spot where the road, rounding an angle of the hill, exposed a deep wooded valley below, with a wide, sloping upland on the other side, rising gradually toward her father's castle, the tall keep of which was discernible above the woody scene before her eyes.

Along the side of the opposite hill the hunt was sweeping merrily; horsemen and hounds were seen from time to time bursting forth for an instant, and then plunging again among the bushes; and still the cheerful echo of the horns and eager cry of the dogs told which way the chase went, as the quarry led them through a long, mazy course amid its native woods. Eva gazed, and saw them take their way in a direction opposite to that in which her own steps were bent; but, the moment after, she started with surprise, and uttered a faint cry, as two gayly-dressed horsemen dashed forth from the wood close beside her, and one of them, springing from his horse, caught the edge of her mantle with rude familiarity.

"Ha! my pretty maiden," he cried, "we have been hunting the hart and caught the hind, ha! Back with your hood! back with your hood! We three foresters let no deer escape us. On my soul, Eustace, this is no pitiful prize! Thank my lucky stars, that gave you the first choice and the miller's maiden, and threw this pretty creature as the prize of the second chance."

The person who spoke was a young man of some nineteen or twenty years of age, rather effeminate than otherwise in his appearance, and with a great quantity of long black hair,* beautifully curled and parted in front. As he spoke he pulled back violently the hood from Eva's face, and at the same moment cast his arm round her slender waist. She struggled to free herself, entreated, threatened her father's wrath; but he heard not or heeded not; those were days of unbridled license, when even churches and monasteries did not give security; and the walls of the castle were woman's place of safety against insult and brutal violence. Terror took possession of the daughter of St. Clair, and she screamed loudly again and again.

Ere the second cry had issued from her lips, however, some one darted from the wood, and in a moment another followed him. Both were dressed as woodmen, and again Eva screamed loudly, holding forth her arms toward the one who first appeared.

"Get thee back, churl," cried the man who held her, still detaining her with his left arm while he drew his sword with his right; "get thee back, or, by heaven, I will send thy soul to the place appointed for the serfs in the other world;" and he laughed aloud at his own jest.

His laghter was soon over, however, for the stranger was upon him in a moment with a broad axe drawn from his belt and glittering in his hand. The proud noble struck at him with his sword; but, to his surprise, the axe met the blow and parried it, as a weapon in the had of a skilful swordsman. With a bitter curse he let go his hold of Eva, and rushed forward upon his adversary; but he had scarcely time to strike another blow, when his opponent, turning the back of the axe, struck him first on the shoulder a blow that brought him on his knee, and then another on the forehead, which, though lighter than the first, laid him stunned and bleeding on the earth.

"Lie there, Earl of Northamption," said his adversary: and then, giving one glance to Eva, who had fled to some distance, he turned toward the other horseman, who had likewise drawn his sword, and, with furious and blasphemous invectives, was pressing fiercely upon the second person who had come to Eva's rescue. That other horseman was even younger than the first; but pride and violence were stamped on every feature, and vice had written early marks of its blighting effects upon his countenance.

"Walter, Walter," cried the voice of him who had so soon terminated the contest with the Earl of Northampton, "leave him, Walter; it is the king's son! The lady is safe. Leave him, I say."

"He shall not leave me till I have cleft his soul," cried the prince. "Richard de Lacy, I know you; and, if you dare to interfere, I will treat you as I would a hound," and, as he spoke, he spurred his horse upon the woodman Walter, aiming a furious blow at his head, but Richard de Lacy thrust himself between, turned aside the stroke, and, catching the bridle of the horse, reined it sharply back upon its haunches, so that it slipped and wellnigh rolled down the hill.

"Fy, prince, for shame," said De Lacy; "some day such acts will cost you a crown. You can do no more mischief here, however; get some of your attendants to carry away the carrion of yonder vile perverter of your youth."

"Hark ye, De Lacy, hark ye," cried the prince, bending over his saddle bow, and dropping the point of his sword; and, as the young baron approached nearer to hear, the prince struck him a blow with his clenched fist in the face, saying, "Take that, hound, and learn your duty."

De Lacy suddenly raised the axe in his hand, but instantly suffered it to fall again without doing the deed he had meditated. "The time for answering this will come," he said; "it shall not be said of me that I killed the king's son in a wood, with no one by, or broke the neck of a stripling who deserves the rod of a pedagogue."

Thus saying, he cast free the rein, and, making the woodman go before him, he followed Eva on her way. He overtook her soon; for, though fright carried her fast, her strength soon failed; and, taking a small path which all of them well knew through the depth of the wood, he led her to one of the postern gates of the castle, and there left her in safety. When he had done so he went back to the woodman's cottage, cast off the dress under which he had concealed his rank, and mounted the horse which was waiting there for his return.

At the neighboring town a large and splendid train had been ordered to remain till he came back; but Richard de Lacy waited only for those who were ready to spring into the saddle, and, spurring onward without the loss of an hour, he reached his father's castle on the following morning just as high mass was over. His father was still in the chapel, speaking with old friends and affectionate retainers ere he returned to the hall; but Richard advanced at once up the aisle, and, to the astonishment of his father, he strode without a pause to the high altar, on which, after kissing the cross upon its hilt, he laid down his sheathed sword, saying, "That sword shall never be drawn again in the service, or for the race of one who has dared to strike the son of Reginald de Lacy."

The old man frowned upon him, but made no reply.

Chapter III.

There were busy and eager movements seen through the lands of Hubert St. Clair. Horsemen galloping hither and thither, the German catching up his bow, the men-at-arms buckling on sword and helmet, and troops flocking to the castle from every part of the domain. These signs and symptoms of some sudden change in the views and the prospects of the Lord of St. Clair were followed by the marching of forces toward Oxford; and in the midst of one of the strongest bands was a fair lady, with a train of matrons and damsels attending upon her, and several old squires and grooms, who had seen her grow up among them from infancy to womanhood.

In the good town of Oxford there stood at that time a large palace and a strong castle, both of which have been long swept away, if not entirely, yet so far as to leave scarcely a trace of the original forms behind. At the gates of the palace Eva St. Clair dismounted from her horse, and was led on by some attendants who met her, into a chamber where sat a lady of tall and commanding person and imposing aspect. Eva advanced somewhat agitated, but still gracefully, and knelt at the feet of the Empress Matilda; for such was the person to whom she now came. The empress suffered her to kneel, gazing on her as she did so with a look of some surprise and admiration; but at length, seeming suddenly to recollect her, she exclaimed, "Oh! the daughter of St. Clair! He has, indeed, kept his word with me, and sooner than he promised;" and, bending down her head, she kissed the fair brow that was raised toward her, and asked what news the lady had brought.

"I bring you, madam," said Eva, "a small band of three hundred chosen men, with tidings from my father, that with the same number he has gone to join your majesty's brother, the noble Earl of Gloucester. Besides this, he holds three castles strongly garrisoned for your majesty's service, and he hopes, ere long, to join you with the earl, with such a force as will make your enemies tremble."

Such tidings were very consolatory to the empress queen, and the aid she so suddenly received was indeed most needful, for her party had been reduced to little better than a name—Stephen's power was every day increasing; her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, had gone to seek aid in Normandy and Anjou, and she was left with a very scanty force to keep alive the struggle till his return. That return, however, was delayed much longer than any one expected, by the hesitation and uncertainty of her own husband, who left her to fight for the crown, which was hers by hereditary right, with scarcely an effort to assist or support her. Taking advantage of the great Earl of Gloucester's absence, Stephen exerted every energy to crush the cause of his rival while the hand of adversity was upon her. The last troops which found their way into Oxford were those which accompanied Eva St. Clair; and although, for two days more, the army of Stephen did not appear beneath the walls of the city, the supply of provisions which had been eagerly demanded from the country round, in order to enable the place to support a long siege, became more and more scanty every day. At length appeared the armies of the enemy. One body led by Stephen in person, one by the murderous and bloody William of Ipres, and one by Prince Eustace, in whose camp was the young Earl of Northampton, slowly recovering from the severe blow which he had received.

At first nothing was seen but the tents and pavilions of the enemy crowning every distant eminence, while dark bodies of horse and foot, the numbers of which could scarcely be distinguished, were seen moving about over the low hills, and through the meadows around. Day by day, however, the besieging force drew closer and closer round the city. The numbers could be counted, the arms could be distinguished, the groups of leaders could be told, the shouts and commands could be heard, and at length many a face could be recognised, and every piece of armor plainly seen from the beleaguered walls.

Eva's heart sunk when she gazed forth and saw nothing but the iron ranks of the enemy surrounding her on every side; it seemed as if deliverance could never come, and hope were at an end.

Still, however, the gallant defenders of the place knew no fear and relaxed no effort. By many a sally and feat of arms, they proved their prowess upon the assailants, and not one tower or outwork was lost. Still the garrison thought the good Earl of Gloucester must soon be here. Still they gazed from the highest turret, to see if they could discover the lances of their deliverers coming through the distant woods.

No aid, however, appeared: the provisions in the place became scanty, autumn gave way to winter, and intense cold was added to their other evils. Regulations were made in regard to the quantity of food and firing to be allowed to each person; and the table of the empress and her attendants was, by her own order, reduced to no more than would supply the demands of nature. In the town the scarcity was, of course, felt more than in the castle; for there were many poor, and many improvident there, who had not been able, or had not thought fit, to lay in sufficient stores against the hour of need; and, after the siege had lasted about two months, one could not walk through the streets without seeing pale and haggard faces, and sunken eyes turned eagerly toward the countenance of every one they met, as if asking, "Is there any hope of relief?"

No relief appeared; and the eyes that watched the distant country saw the low winter sun slowly rise and early set without one sign of coming deliverance. At length a heavy fog fell over the whole land, and lasted nearly a week; so dense that nothing could be seen the distance of twenty yards. During the first and second day, under the cover of the mist, the besieging force attempted at various points to force its way into the town; but it was in vain that they did so; and, repelled at every point, again reduced their efforts to a strict blockade.

After that busy period was over, the garrison had nothing more to occupy them than hope and fear. The stores were often examined, and found to have dwindled down to a mere pittance: but then, again, people thought they heard distant trumpets and shouts from a spot far beyond the lines of the besiegers. Every one augured that the Earl of Gloucester was coming up, and that, as soon as the mist cleared away, he would attack the army of the enemy. At length, however, after one night of more intense frost than ever, the fog did clear away, and the half-famished garrison ran up to the highest towers, alas! but to see their hopes blasted. There was the country beyond, all bright and glittering in the frostwork, but neither spear, nor pennon, nor banner, nor hauberk, but those in the camp of the enemy. All hearts fell; and, although they endeavored not to suffer despair to show itself in their looks, Matilda, wherever she turned her eyes, found nothing but an echo to the apprehensions that were in her own heart. The only one who even tried to console her was Eva St. Clair, who had become very dear to the empress; and though, when the siege first began, her heart, unaccustomed to such scenes, had entertained none of the proud confidence which had animated others, she now displayed more fortitude than all, and in the midst of sorrow spoke of better days.

She was thus sitting at the feet of the empress, trying to cheer her, when the governor of the castle entered the chamber where they were alone, without other witnesses, and approaching the empress with a calm but sad countenance, "I have come, madam," he said, "to bring your majesty very sad news. On examining the stores this day, I find that there is but food left of any kind for three days. By killing all the horses that we have left, we may, indeed, make it outlast a fourth day, but that is all; and, moreover, I grieve to say, that a pestilential distemper has broken out in the town for the want of food: a hundred and ten souls took flight last night between midnight and matins."

Matilda clasped her hands and looked up toward Heaven; but, instantly resuming her native courage, she said, "Something must be done, my lord, something must be done; have you anything to propose? Please God, we will never surrender."

"Were your majesty not here," he replied, "we could obtain easy terms enough; but the usurper has sworn that you shall yield to him without conditions. As that cannot be, however, all that I have to propose is this: Wallingford is full of your friends, strong, and well provided with all things; 'tis but a short distance, we are still here six hundred men-at-arms; and, though we have but thirty horses left, that number may well do all that is needful. Let your majesty, and such knights as can find horses, mount a little before daybreak to-morrow morning, let us take one good meal before we set out, and then, throwing open the gates towards Wallingford, all issue forth suddenly together, horse and foot, and cut our way through. The moment you and your guard have passed, I will form those that are on foot across the road, which is between steep banks, you know, and I will wager my head to maintain it for nearly half an hour against all they can bring to fight me. It will take them as long to go round by either of the other roads, so that you can get to Wallingford in safety."

"And you, my good friend, and you," said the empress, "you, and all the brave men who are with you, you will remain but to die in my defence. Well, well, say no more. I will think of it till midnight, and then give you my answer after consulting my fair counsellor here."

The baron shook his head, as if not approving of such counsel; but, before he went, he bent down his head to Eva, saying, "May thee be resolute; there is but one way to save your sovereign." When he was gone, the empress, who had hitherto suffered no emotion to appear, bent down her head upon her hands, and the tears rolled from her eyes. Eva stood by in silence, for she knew that as yet it was in vain to speak; and thus the sun went down, leaving the chamber in the gray shadow of the twilight. At that instant there was the sound of a footstep in the anteroom; and, in a moment after, the door opened, showing the tall, dark form of a monk, in his long gray gown and cowl.

The empress started up, exclaiming, "Who are you? Who is it you seek?"

"Peace be with you, my daughter," replied the monk; "It is you I seek, and I bear you some tidings of moment. See you this letter?"

The empress snatched it from his hand, and darted eagerly to the window to catch the last faint light that was in the sky. As soon as her eyes were fixed upon the letter, she exclaimed, "Robert of Gloucester's hand, as I live." Then, as she tore it she added, "Six days! he will be here in six days! Alas! he will come too late!"

"So indeed I find, my daughter," said the monk. "Since I made my way in here, I see that your situation would be hopeless if you could not escape."

"Escape!" exclaimed the empress; "would that I could escape! But how came you hither yourself? How found you your way through the enemy's lines?"

"By a path that is open to you, my daughter," replied the monk, "if you will be contented to trust to my guidance, and take but few persons with you."

"But who are you that I should trust?" demanded the empress. "What is your name? How shall I know that you are faithful?"

"Did I not bring that letter?" said the monk. "But if you want farther proof, let me speak a word to this lady in yonder chamber, and she shall be my surety." He took Eva's hand in his and led her toward the anteroom; and, as he did so, that fair hand trembled and her whole frame thrilled. They were absent some minutes; but, when they returned, Eva cast herself at the empress's feet, exclaiming, "Oh, trust him, madam, trust him. I will pledge my life and soul for his faith."

Chapter IV.

The clock was striking twelve, the moon was bright and high, but a thin mist had come back upon the earth, and lay lightly over all the slopes, and the lower parts of the ground in the neighborhood of Oxford, when a train, which might have scared the peasant or schoolboy had he beheld it, so like was it to what imagination has pictured a train of ghosts, took its way down a small turret staircase at the castle of Oxford. That train consisted of three ladies and two men, and all, with the exception of one, who wore a monk's gray gown, were covered from head to foot in white. When they had descended to the bottom of the stairs, the empress turned to the monk, demanding, "Through the vaults, say you? How came you to discover the way?"

"I discovered it," replied the monk, "when I was a mere boy, and studied sciences under a clerk of this place." The empress looked down as if apprehensive and doubtful, but still followed on; and, leading the way, the monk opened the door which led into some vaults below the castle, and thence down another narrow flight of steps, which made the way seem to Matilda as if they were descending into a well. "Lord Brian," she said, in a low voice to her other male attendant, "if you find that he deceives us, cleave him down with your battle-axe."

"Fear not, lady," replied the gentleman to whom she spoke; "I know him, although he does not know me, and you may trust to him in all faith."

Again they proceeded in silence; and at the bottom of the steps they found another door, which led them into a long vaulted passage. At first it was cased with masonry, and a pavement was beneath their feet; but at the end of twenty or thirty yards the masonry ceased, and the torch carried by Lord Brian Fitzwalter showed that they were passing under the arch of a sort of rude cave, occasionally supported by brickwork, but not sufficiently so to prevent large masses of the earth and stones from falling down and obstructing the way. At the end of near two hundred yards more the monk turned toward the baron, saying, "Here you must put out the light, but lead her majesty gently forward, for the road is rough and dangerous." Lord Brian obeyed at once, and extinguished the torch against the wall of the vault, if wall it could indeed be called. He then led on the empress by the hand, while the monk went before, directing them upon their way; and presently after the faint blue light of the moonbeams were seen glimmering at some distance before them.

"Now be silent as death," said the monk; for, when we issue forth from this place, we are within a hundred yards of the tent of William of Ipres. When we are among the bushes at the mouth, stop, and let me go on first. You will see exactly the course that I take, and, if I am not seen in this gray gown, you, covered entirely in white, may well escape."

A few steps more brought the whole party to a spot where a number of dry hawthorn bushes had gathered themselves into a hollow in the ground, completely concealing the mouth of the cavern or vault by which they had issued forth from the castle of Oxford. That hollow had been part of some ancient Saxon, or, perhaps, Roman camp; and it extended some way in the form of a narrow ravine. The depth, indeed, except were the hawthorn bushes were, was very little; but it still afforded some shelter from the eyes of any of the enemy's soldiers who might have been near; nor was some shelter unnecessary, for at that moment the empress and her attendants had already passed the outer guards of Stephen's army, and were, in fact, half way through his camp.

Gliding through the hawthorns, the monk advanced calmly on his way; and, too impatient to wait long, the empress, with the hand of Eva St. Clair clasped in hers, followed at the distance of some twenty or thirty paces. After a few minutes of ascent the whole scene around burst upon them, and fearful it must have been to person in their situation. The camp of Stephen was before and around them; not indeed close, for that was a spot of open ground which served as a sort of division between the quarters of the different leaders and the space of about two hundred yards lay between tent and tent. That space, indeed, was usually watched by sentinels; but the night was intensely cold, the wind was high, and the men gladly got behind the shelter of the tents, or warmed themselves by the blazing watchfires. On the right, as the empress and her party then stood, was a large pavilion, with torches burning before it, while a light could be seen through the canvass walls, and the voice of merriment and revelry made itself heard upon the calm ear of night. Between that tent and those on the left the monk took his straight-forward course, and the rest followed with silent but beating hearts. There was no one opposed them, however; they passed that tent, and another, and another; they crossed over some slight defences which had been cast up in the rear of the army, and they saw before them a long row of osiers, forming a sort of hedge, and looking black amid the white of the wintry scene around them. Toward these the monk bent his steps, but paused when he reached them; and the rest of the party found him waiting for them at the angle of a little lane.

"We are safe, lady, we are safe," said Lord Brian Fitzwalter; "this lane leads down to the Thames; it is firmly frozen over, and you can pass across direct to Wallingford."

"We are safe; thank God, we are safe," cried Eva; but at that moment there was a blast of a trumpet behind them, and galloping horse were seen coming down with furious speed.

"Look to the lady, Brian," cried the monk, in a voice of command; "lead them quick across the stream; once on the other side, you are safe, for the horses dare not follow you. Give me your battle-axe; on my life I will detain these horsemen here till you are safe: they cannot pass me here; fly, lady, fly, for they are coming fast;" and, snatching the battle-axe from Lord Brian's hand, he cast himself into the middle of the road.

Matilda would have spoken, but all voices cried, "Fly, lady, fly;" and she was hurried onward, while the horsemen came down like lightening. There was one considerably ahead of the rest, the captain of the guard for the night; and, seeing himself opposed in the middle of the lane, he couched his lance at the monk, and spurred eagerly upon him. One stroke of the battle-axe, however, parried the lance and shivered it to atoms; and, rushing on, the monk caught the rein of the horse, and prepared to dash the rider from his seat. But the captain of the guard, an experienced soldier, wheeled his horse with his heel to keep himself from the foe while he drew his heavy sword, and then, with a thrust which it was difficult for an axe to parry, he lunged straight at the breast of his opponent. At the same time that he did so, he shouted his old accustomed battle-cry, "A Lacy! A Lacy! Reginald to the rescue! A Lacy! A Lacy!"

The axe dropped from the monk's hand; the thrust of old Reginald de Lacy was true and strong; his adversary fell, dying the snow with his gore; and the baron, spurring his horse on over the body, led his followers fiercely forward in pursuit of Matilda. When he reached the bank of the Thames, however, he could see nothing but some moving objects on the other side; and, eager in the cause he had undertaken, he urged his horse vehemently upon the ice. The animal felt it shake beneath him, trembled, resisted, fell. The whole mass gave way, and man and horse, with their heavy armor, were plunged to the bottom of the stream. It was in vain that the followers of old Reginald de Lacy endeavored to extricate him from the water before life was extinct. Near two hours elapsed before they could recover his body, and then they bore it by another path to his tent. They spent the rest of the night in lamenting their lord; and it was not till the morning that one of them thought to tell a priest, whom Stephen had sent to offer prayers for the soul of De Lacy, that a few minutes before his death, old Reginald with the red hand had killed some one like a monk, who had attempted his progress.

The priest took others with him and instantly set out for the place they described; but there they found a sight that make even the hearts of men accustomed to seek voluntarily every scene of human suffering, ache for the fate that was now past recall. There, indeed, lay the fair and powerful form of one in the earliest years of manhood, with the gray gown of a monk, indeed, cast over his shoulders, but beneath it the rich garments of a Norman noble, dyed with the flood of gore which had streamed from the death-wound in his breast. There, indeed, lay Richard de Lacy, slain by the hand of his own father; but he was not alone in death; for, cast upon his bosom, with her rich brown hair all dishevelled and unbound—with her garments, too, drenched in the blood that flowed from the heart of him she loved, lay the still, cold, but yet beautiful form of Eva de St. Clair. None could tell how she died; whether the intense cold of the night had aided, or whether grief had been alone enough to extinguish the warm spark of life within her bosom. All that was ever learned was the fact that, when the empress reached the bank of the river, Eva was not with her; and the fierceness of the pursuit compelled the rest of the party to go on without seeking the unhappy daughter of St. Clair.

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* This was an effeminate custom, against which the good Archbishop Anselm preached in vain. Some, indeed, of the Norman nobles cut off the long ringlets which were the objects of his aversion, but many retained them, and few gave up the vices that accompanied them.

From the Knickerbocker, for Sep.

A Sister's Thoughts over a Brother's Grave.

BY REV JOHN PIERPONT.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er,
And Slander's poison, from the lips
Of woman, on his heart no more
Distils, and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,
With reverence and with truth to bow,
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes—
The tears a sister for him weeps;
He knows not that they're not his wife's;
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand
Once given to him, is now another's:
I know, the flame that once it fanned
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name:
Keep its young spirit undefiled,
And worthy of its father's fame,
Oh Thou from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless!
The mantle that my brother wore—
The robe of truth and faithfulness—
Keep, for his infant, in thy store:
My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle!—Men had seen him throw
It amply round him, ere it fell!
Peace, brother! 'tis as white as snow;
No one, of all on earth that dwell,
Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest!—through the bars
Of its dim cell thy spirit fled;
And now thy sister and the stars
Their tears of dew and pity shed,
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

The Confession.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

My furlough had nearly expired; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off at Portsmouth, for India, several of my old companions spent the evening with me in the Marquis of Granby. They were joyous, hearty lads; but mirth bred thirst, and drinking begot contention.

I was myself the soberest of the squad, and did what I could to appease their quarrels. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish difference about a song, between Dick Winlaw and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he joined me in my way home, and I spoke to him again about enlisting, but his blood was still hot—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. This led to some remonstrance upon my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till from less to more, we both grew fierce, and he struck me such a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I saw him dead at my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled toward my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed—but I could not sleep. I was stunned; a fearful consternation was upon me—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradly. I thought it was the nightmare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal; had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time that fit of burning agony went off;—tears came into my eyes—my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his blow was occasioned by the liquor—a freer heart than his mercy never opened; and I wept like a maiden.

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily, and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged him not to be disturbed; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to eschew riotous companions. I could make no reply—indeed, I heard no more—there was a blank between his blessing and the time when I found myself crossing the Common, near the place of execution.

Yet through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—the deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I could never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as little of what I had done, as the fate of the gallant French dragoon whom I sabred at Salamanca.

Ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder after-thoughts often came upon me. In those trances I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with schoolboys at their pastimes: then I fancied them gathering into groups, and telling the story of the murder; again, moving away in silence toward the church-yard to look at the grave of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal; and so, from day to day, the time passed on, without any outward change revealing what was passing within, to the observance of suspicions of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of our adventures so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the accident of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was waiting in an outer room of the Colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye was an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story scorched my eyes—I read it as if every word had been fire—it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the Granby was described by the witnesses. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described, as in a picture; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge in his charge to the jury as a beautiful example of loving old companionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifest that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on the Common, and his body hung in chains. Then it was that I first felt that I was the murderer—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, burning, and devouring; but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel to which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the Colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision—my hand was steady, my limbs were firm; but my tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades, as they came toward me, suddenly halted, and turned aside—strangers looked at me, as if I bore the impress of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in a hell.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in the knee; and soon afterward with other invalids, I was ordered home. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but Fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear recollection, to revisit those things which had lost all their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive. It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound; the journey was longer than my strength could sustain much farther, still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied were I once there, that the burning in my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the Common had been opened. By the time I reached it the night was closed in—a dull starless, breezeless, dumb, sluggish, and unwholesome night; and those things which still retained in their shapes some blackness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with a mysterious intelligence, with which my spirit would have held communion, but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light, rising before me. It was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was yet not flame. I took it at first for the lustre of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked toward it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced, its form enlarged, but its beams became no brighter; and the horror, which had for a moment left me when it was discovered, returned with overwhelming power. I rushed forward, but soon halted, for I saw that it hung in the air, and as I approached, that it began to take a ghastly and spectral form! I discerned the lineaments of a head, and the hideous outlines of a shapeless anatomy. I stood rivetted to the spot, for I thought that I saw behind it a dark and vast thing, in whose hand it was held forth. In that moment a voice said, "It is Winlaw the murderer; his bones often, in the moist summer nights, shine in this way; it is thought to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, for he died protesting his innocence." The person who addressed me was your honour's game-keeper, and the story I have told is the cause of my having desired him to bring me here.

First View of Venice.—Three times already, and now for the fourth time, Venice has made a mighty, an irresistible impression upon me;—one that baffles comparison. The objects that present themselves, and the thoughts and feelings that they excite, are different here from what they are in any other place in the world. Heaven and earth, life and death, the tasteful and the tasteless, the past, the present, and the future, meet here in a way peculiar to the place. Much is out of all rule, much contrary to all rule, but then there is so much that is *beyond* all rule. When the stranger coming from the *Lido* sees the place of the Doge, the columns, the Piazzetta, the Campanile, the Orologio, and St. Mark's, with the many other marvels rising from the sea; who is there, that, in such a moment of joy, surprise, and enthusiasm, can descend to criticise columns and the position of windows?—For my own part, at least, thank Heaven! I am no such stock-fish; as little now, as twenty years ago.—Von Raumer's "Italy."

Saturday Morning Post.
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To Subscribers.

To the many thousand subscribers, who during the past year, have given us evidence of their good will, by a willing and prompt remittance in advance, we tender our thanks, and shall use every exertion to give them the worth of their money.

Subscribers in arrears, who are now receiving their bills, will oblige us with a prompt remittance. We intend to pursue a rigid system with those who are wilful DELINQUENTS after notice.—Our list of paying subscribers, we do not wish in the least to diminish, but those who are willing to *read* the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither grace nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is attributable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give such an excuse, are pardonable. To those who plead the risk of the Mail, we say, give it to the nearest Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, *and we will incur the risk and loss if any occurs*

The Horticultural Society.

The exhibition of the Horticultural Society, which has just been terminated, though not so splendid as it was last year, was highly creditable to our city. The two large saloons of the Masonic Hall were filled with the choicest flowers, the richest fruits, and the rarest plants. The specimens, in almost every variety of horticulture, were of the finest character. It would be invidious to praise any particular one where all are deserving of commendation, but we cannot help expressing our admiration at the several specimens of the rarest plants from the garden of Gen. Robert M. Patterson. The collection of Dahlias was very rich. We have rarely seen a better array of this flower than was exhibited on Thursday evening, at the Masonic Hall.

The Peaches were very fine, especially those from the garden of Mr. G. Thomas, of the Northern Liberties. They are seedlings, and called by their owner, "Tippecanoe."

The Pears are in great variety, both of the sickle and butter kind. A specimen of the latter presented by Mr. J. R. Smith, particularly arrested our attention.

The Quinces, from Mr. Samuel Gratz, Broad street, were splendid specimens of this desirable fruit.

The Plums, presented by C. Chauncey, Esq. were rich and various.

The Grapes were of every variety, and from almost every quarter. The white Grape predominated. The sight of such an array of this tempting, luscious fruit was almost irresistible.

The Apples were also very plentiful, and of every variety of species and tint, some of a rich yellow—some of a pure green—some of a deep red, and some of a blush as delicate, if that were possible, as the crimson on a young girl's innocent cheeks.

The Papaws particularly arrested our attention. This is a new fruit, just introduced, from, we believe, the Mississippi. Its flavor is delicious, and its perfume "a wilderness of sweets." In color, it is not unlike a green walnut with the hull on, while in shape and size it resembles somewhat a mammoth.

We can ourselves testify to its flavor, so rich and luscious, from having been indulged with a taste thereof, by one, who is always the first to receive and share such rarities with his friends.

The vegetables were well represented from mammoth pumpkin, delighting the souls of all lovers of good pies, down to the luscious sweet potato, making the mouth of the gourmand water to look thereon. Really the only objection we could bring to this and to the fruit department, was that they were suffered to gratify only the eye, to the great scandal of the palate.

The hall was crowded every evening with the beauty and fashion of our city, and he must indeed have been a cynic of the school of Diogenes, who could have gazed on those bright and beautiful beings, moving amid the loveliness of nature, without admiration. For our part if we knew a single gallant, who had forgotten to escort his lady-love to the Horticultural exhibition, we would publish him as a fellow of neither soul nor spirit, unworthy of a fair girl's love, and fit only for the dull, tread-mill monotony of a bachelor's unblessed life.

Flowers are the glory of the earth, decking it with loveliness, and covering it as with a vesture. On the hill side or in the valley—in the cleft of the mountain or by the silvery stream—springing up in the wild wood shade, or bursting into life on the rich meadow land, they alike beautify the earth, and fling a perfume around as of the vales of Eden. Frail, beautiful, and fading things, how brightly they gleam but awhile, and how quickly they wither and are not. "They come forth in the morning and are cut down—they flee also as a shadow that continueth not."

There is something in the fleeting nature of these beautiful things inexpressibly solemn. They are blooming to-day, but withered to-morrow.—The tokens of affection,—how often like it they leave us to mourn over its decay! As our friends fade away from our side so fall the flowers, blighted by an early frost! Frail, fleeting, yet lovely in all their evanescence, we linger over their beauty, conscious that to-morrow it will have fled forever. So is it with life. A bud—a flower—a few withered leaves—and then—the grave.

New Publications.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, OR THE IRISH DRAGOON—*with illustration*—*No. 1.*—*Carey & Hart.*—A rich work, full of humor, and the very thing for an afternoon, when dinner is over; for as the old saying hath it "a hearty laugh helpeth digestion." We rank "*Harry Lorrequer*," as second only to Boz, and in Irish humor he is infinitely superior.

The letter press of the work is fine, much better than that usually afforded. The illustrations are right excellent. No one should be without this edition of Charles O'Malley.

THE BOTANIC MEDICAL REFORMER—*for Sept.*—This excellent periodical for the current month is on our table. Its contents are various. There are some excellent hints in the present number respecting the diseases of children.

The Bunker Hill Monument Fair.

This fair, about which the Bostonians are talking so much, is held at Quincy Hall, and occupies five rooms. In the second is a monument nearly high enough to reach the ceiling, surmounted by the appropriate quotation, "May it rise till it meets the sun in his coming, may the earliest light of morning gild it, and may parting day linger and play on its summit." The Post states, "that between three and four thousand dollars were taken for admission to the Hall on the first day of opening. Over six thousand people must have visited the Hall. The scene is represented as perfect enchantment. The number of tables is forty-three; one from each of the towns, and the residue attended by ladies of Boston." The editor of the Post had to "suffer" for a "letter" which he gives. It is a queer epistle of an alliterative kind, almost every word in it commencing with a P. A Magazine is issued from the fair, edited by Mrs. Hale, and entitled the "Monument." It is to be issued daily at Quincy Hall during the fair.

"The Post Office at the Fair," says the Boston Courier of yesterday, "has been quite a popular resort for visitors. We understood on Saturday morning that the revenue of that department had amounted to about four hundred dollars. *Six hundred letters* had been written for the occasion previous to the opening of the Fair on Tuesday—*all* but about twenty of them, by the sister of the editor of one of our most popular

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The untimely death of this promising young man—noticed in another paragraph of this week's paper—has cast a gloom over his immediate circle of acquaintance, for which only his talents, urbanity, and worth could account. His memory will linger in the heart long after the usual period of remembrance shall have passed away. An acquaintance of some years with Mr. Boucher, warrants us in thus alluding to his early death. Few young men at the bar promised a brighter career.

Firm yet courteous—well read without being pedantic—warm-hearted, honorable and persevering, he was rapidly gaining friends, both socially and professionally, when this untimely accident blighted the hopes of his family, and cut him off in the first, fresh morning of existence. Who shall go next? God only knows. How rapidly the friends we start with in life fall away from our side. Here one and there another, the true, the talented, the beautiful, pass from us into that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," until, at length, we find ourselves, even in the morning of life, alone, standing like some tree of the forest when a whirlwind has swept every trunk from its side.

It is a solemn lesson we are thus taught. We live in the midst of death! How vividly, amid such reflections, rises to our mind, the solemn truth of the old scriptural saying "*for the night cometh in which no man shall work.*"

Les Trois Jours.

One of the correspondents of the New York Signal, lately writing from Paris, gives a vivid and graphic picture of the celebration in the French Capital of the *tenth* anniversary of the "Three remarkable days of July," which took place on the 28th. This anniversary was marked by many singular events, and was gotten through with a degree of splendor, extravagance, and enthusiasm, not only on the part of the people, but of the French authorities, that gives to its occurrence a remarkably interesting character. The writer says, "by a law of March 9, 1833, it was decreed that "A Monument shall be erected on the Place de la Bastille." On the west side of the base to be inscribed these words: 'To the honor of those French citizens who *armed themselves* and fought for the defence of Public Liberty on the memorable days of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830.'"

This monument is now just finished, and it is consecrated to the events of the time mentioned above. It is a magnificent column. It stands on the spot where the Bastille stood. It reposes on the basins which are surmounted by the statue of the Colossal Elephant which Napoleon erected to commemorate his victories in Egypt—an Elephant half as large as one of our common sized meeting-houses.

On the sides of the Column of July are engraved the names of "the five hundred and fifteen heroes" who fell fighting for Liberty. Underneath the Monument is a vast tomb, part of which consists of two semi-circular vaults, large enough to hold each twenty-five coffins. The King has ordered all the five hundred and fifteen to be exhumed, their bones put into fifty coffins, and on the 28th to be conducted with great pomp to their (perhaps) last resting-place under the Column."

A diffuse description of the gorgeous and imposing ceremony is given, which we have no room for; and we merely mention, to give an idea of the popular feeling, that *half a million* of persons viewed the procession—that the country folks flocked in to see it—and that $100 were given even, for a single window on the Place de la Bastille and Boulevardes. The writer thus concludes. "Thus ended the removal of the ashes of the men who battled for Liberty against Despotism in 1830; and thus ended the inauguration of the monument, which will stand for centuries (if Revolutions will let it) to tell the tale of the opening drama in the destruction of the Bastille, and the establishment of Freedom and Right, as the proper finale of the same struggle. On the side of the monument are engraved the names of the 515 citizens who fell, and whose ashes now rest beneath it."

We had not been in our room more than half an hour when we observed a rush of people toward the Rue de l'Odeon. Immediately the owners of *cafés* and stores on the "Place" began hurriedly to shut their outer windows and lock up their doors. What was all this for? A neighbor came running in, his face as white as a sheet, and exclaimed, "Murder! another Revolution!" I asked "Where?" "In the Carrefour de l'Odeon." This was within 40 rods of us: no very agreeable prospect. Our "Place" must be the first scene of action. Immediately the "Horse Guards," the "City Guards," and various other troops, who were reserved in retirement for such exigencies, appeared at the place of meeting. The mob assailed them with stones. The officers were calm, and commanded the insurgents to retire. They refused, and the soldiers were ordered to load with balls. This was decisive: the timid ones began to scamper; the leaders remained, and were so few that the soldiers took them and led them to prison, where they are now in waiting for the sentence of the law. We saw some conducted between soldiers to the guard-house, which is beneath our windows, in the east corner of the l'Odeon.

Another more serious alarm took place in the Rue St. Antoine, near the cortege. One officer was thrown from his horse, and several were hurt. But the National Guard, *who hold all power in their hands*, were present; and, as they do not desire another Revolution, they scattered the 200 insurgents very quickly taking the leaders prisoners.

As Charles X. lost his throne by not having a sufficient troop—only 15,000—in Paris, the present King means to keep his by having enough; so he keeps 60,000 bayonets ready to act instanter. On this occasion some riot was anticipated, because the Government had, a fortnight ago refused 3000 Radicals the privilege of a Public Dinner. The King had all the troops of St. Cloud marched into Paris, and those of Fontainbleau marched to St. Cloud; also, cannon stationed, out of sight, all over the city. Nothing can exceed the caution of Louis Phillippe."

A Chapter of Accidents.

In the town of Dexter, Maine, we learn that a few days since, two serious accidents occurred. As Mr. Thomas Downing and wife, together with a nephew, aged eight years, were returning from meeting in a chaise, just as they were passing the floating bridge, near the village, a horse with a wagon attached to him, darted furiously on the bridge, without a driver, and precipitated the chaise of Mr. D. and its occupants into the pond, where the water was about 30 feet deep. Mr. D. succeeded in extricating himself and wife, but the chaise sunk with the lad. The people were soon gathered and the horse and chaise were raised, but without the boy. In an hour or two they succeeded in finding him. Every effort was made to resuscitate him, but without avail. His name was Adolphus P. Sturges.

In the same village, two days before, the child of a Mr. Foss entered the machine shop of one of the factories, and no one being in the room, he got in contact with some of the machinery, which was propelling a grindstone at the rate of one hundred revolutions a minute. The poor child was thrown round for several minutes at this rate, before he could be extricated. When he was rescued it was found that one arm was broken, and his feet and hands dreadfully bruised. He lingered till the next Sabbath, and died.

Printers Look Out.

A machine, we learn by late arrivals, has been invented in Germany by M. de Keigler, for the composition or setting up, of type for books and newspapers, and for distributing the same, with a degree of celerity that seems almost impossible. We must confess that we conceive the whole matter to be little better than a grave hoax, for we cannot satisfy ourselves that the thing is possible, and yet, we are told that the process has been witnessed by the University of Pesth, and that the Russian Ambassador, having heard of the invention, and received the particulars, immediately ordered a machine for the *Emperor Nicholas*. To be sure this fact does not *prove* the successful operation of the machine, *for it is quite possible*, that in its anxiety to patronise such a novelty in art, the University was not over fastidious in examining its details, and took much for granted that was not thoroughly explained, and as to the ambassador, we dare say he was as ignorant upon the subject as his master. But to the machine:—it is of an octagon form, has as many divisions as there are letters in the alphabet,

Foreign News.

By the late arrivals of the Alexandria and the packet ship England, we have nothing new, or important from Europe, except the silly attempt of Prince Louis Napoleon to raise an insurrection in France, and a lamentable shipwreck,—both of which accounts are given in detail, as our readers would doubtless wish the whole particulars.

Attempted Insurrection.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, Aug. 6.

This morning one of those mad attempts at revolution which have characterised the French since the days of the first and of memorable July, disturbed the inhabitants of this peaceful town from its slumbers. The facts, as I have collected them, are as follows:

The city of Edinburgh steamer, belonging to the Commercial Steam Navigation Company, was hired by Prince Louis Napoleon, ostensibly for an excursion of pleasure along the British coast, for fourteen days. In this he embarked with fifty-six followers, eight horses, and two carriages in the Thames, on Wednesday last; this morning, about two o'clock, they reached the coast of France, off Wimiroux, about three mile from Boulogne. The surprise of captain and crew may be imagined to see the whole of his passengers come on deck, not in the peaceful garb of citizens but *en militaire*, some as lancers, some as general officers, some as private soldiers, with an oil-skin covering on their hats, with the number 40 painted in front, that being the regiment which at Strasburg had formerly indentified itself so seriously in the cause of Louis Napoleon.

Their object was soon made evident. The ship's boat was lowered, and the whole company landed in three trips. Before the prince left the vessel, he ordered the captain to cruise off the coast, but to keep close in to Boulogne, and have a boat ready manned to come off for them should he signalise to that effect. Among those landed I have been able to collect the names of the General Montholon, Colonels Vaudrey, Parquin and Delaborde.

When all had landed, they marched into the town by the Place Vavarin, Rue des Carreux, Rue Simoneau, into the Grand Rue, shouting—"Vive l'Empereur," the Prince carrying his hat on the point of his sword, and waving it in the air. From the Grand Rue they made their way by the Rue de la Lampe to the Caserne, and roused the small body of troops of the line, I believe only one company, that perform duty here. The soldiers, awakened, and seeing themselves surrounded by general officers, knew not what to make of the scene. They were, however, soon made to comprehend that a revolution was on foot, that Louis Philippe was dethroned, that all France was roused in favor of their emperor, Louis Napoleon, and that they must arm to march forthwith upon Paris. As some were preparing to obey, their captain, who had been awakened by the noise, rushed in among them, and restored their wavering loyalty by shouting "Vive le Roi." High words and a scuffle ensued between him and Prince Louis, when the latter drew a pistol and fired; unfortunately the ball shattered the under jaw of a poor soldier who was endeavoring to separate them, and the whole party, finding that the soldiers were lukewarm, that the officers were faithful, that nothing was to be done there, precipitately quitted the Caserne, and retired to the port.

By this time the town was roused, the authorities were on foot, the drums were beating to arms, and the National Guards pouring out in all directions. The proclamations, one of which I enclose, with a decree, had been lavishly distributed along every street through which they passed, and money given to those who had followed them. These soon declare what the object was, and the necessary directions were given by the Sous-Prefet to attack the disturbers of the peace. Within two hours the greater part were either prisoners in the citadel, shot, or dispersed. They made no stand after leaving the Caserne. Some made their way with the eagle to the Napoleon column, some with the prince hastened to the sea side, and signalled for a boat from the steamer. Unfortunately for them too many got into it. The prince, with three or four others swam for the steamer, and had a narrow escape of being drowned.

During their absence, however, affairs had changed on board the steamer. M. Pollet, the harbor master, by order of the mayor, had proceeded with a dozen custom-house officers in a boat, and taken possession of it; it was fortunate for the prince they they did so, for in returning into the harbor they found him, almost exhausted, clinging to the buoy, about the eighth of a mile from the shore. He was taken on board, and with him Colonel Vaudrey. In escaping from the shore, they had narrowly avoided being shot; several balls passed closely to the prince, and several of his followers were wounded, and sank to rise no more. The report is, that six have been found; one poor doctor, who surrendered, was shot by a National Guard.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, Aug. 6.

How a man with 50 men could think of raising an army in this peaceably disposed province I cannot understand. He must have been misled as to the disposition of the people. At the same time had he landed with 300 men there can be no doubt but Boulougne would at this moment have been in his hands. The people here have been for several days in a great state of excitement in consequence of the war talk, and so easily are they to be gulled upon matters relating to hostilities with England, that the first rumor of the debarkation this morning, was that "the English had already landed a force on the coast."

I had a peep at Louis Napoleon. He looked awfully excited. His followers are fine looking fellows. They appear to be the dare devils of all nations—Poles, French, Swiss and, some say, English. The latter statement I do not believe. The National Guard were all in readiness.

Twelve o'clock.

The steamboat Edinburgh Castle has been seized by the Captain of this port, and is now in the harbor. The firing of the National Guard on defenceless people in the water is deprecated by the better feeling portion of the public. Louis Bonaparte was well nigh drowned. Before he was picked up (for the boat in which he attempted to make escape upset) several shots were fired at him. A friend of mine saw a musket ball fall close behind him.

A French general who was captured is said to have just did of his wounds.

The town authorities are liberal enough to give out that the "English are at the bottom of this insurrectionary movement." What next?

All sorts of rumors are rife. It is said that the troops of the line are favorable to the prince, and that those quartered in the environs will attempt to rescue the captives. The civil authorities have issued proclamations lauding the loyalty of the brave Boulognaise.

The coaches from Paris are anxiously looked for. Many imagine that accounts will be received of attempts to rise elsewhere, and that some simultaneous movement has been contemplated.

Dreadful Shipwreck.

The foreign news at New York, per the Alexander, since our last comprises nothing more interesting than the following details of the loss of the Lord William Bentinck, East Indiaman, off Bombay. Indeed it was one of the most melancholy and heart-rending shipwrecks which has ever fallen under our notice.

on the tacks. Heavy squalls of wind and rain soon drove her masts over her side, and a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the occurrence, she was a complete unmanageable wreck. The crew and passengers were seen to crowd forward to the forecastle. Three ladies were on board, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Eckford, and Miss Robertson, also a maid servant, and some soldiers' wives and children. Capt. B. Benbow was in command of the troops, and Dr. Fraser, Mr. Monson (a cadet) and several other passengers, whose names we are not able yet to learn, were on board. She kept firing guns and showing the signals of distress, but, alas, little aid could be afforded. The surf was too violent for a boat to live in, and the most dismal apprehensions were entertained. She first hoisted out her gig, which rode gallantly for a while, but was soon engulphed. Her launch was then got alongside, and some men was seen to enter her. One gentleman was observed, before he descended the side, to elevate his hands to Heaven, as if in prayer, he then went into her, but in a moment she shared the fate of the other boats.

Having nothing to hoist her out by, the long boat appeared to be pushed over the side by main force. She also sunk, never to rise. The cries of the unfortunates were distinctly audible in the lulls of the wind, and filled every spectator on shore with horror and distress. No hand could be held out to save.

After much delay, boats were brought from the dockyard by Coolies, and every means were tried to float them and steer them to the wreck. Captains Saunders and Hayman of the Indian navy, were especially conspicious in their exertions, leaving no means untried; while Captains M'Gregor, Baxter, and many others, attempted in vain to steer to the ill fated craft. She tried to fix a rope from a gun after Captain Manby's principle, but failed. Meanwhile, the superintendent of the Indian navy had ordered the Victoria steamer to proceed as near as she could to the spot, but it was evening before she could get her steam sufficiently up to move, and even then she could not approach the wreck with the smallest chance of success.—Thousands of anxious spectators were assembled at the lighthouse during the evening, and perhaps a more painful and intense interest was never excited in the society of Bombay.

Night, dark and lowering, fell, and we believe many a heartfelt prayer was offered up to the throne of grace for those who were so near on the brink of eternity. The moon rose about nine o'clock, and hopes were entertained that she might hold together until morning, but the gale still continued violent. By twelve o'clock at night a raft with ten men had by great exertion reached the shore; but at half past three the vessel finally went to pieces. Another raft had been prepared, on which the ladies, seven children, and the passengers were placed. Hopes, however, faint, were breathed that she might bring her precious cargo safe to land, but, alas! a lofty wave struck her, and when she rose from the shock, neither the ladies, children, nor 16 of their comrades could be descried by the survivors. Those who remained reached land naked, cold, and shivering. Captain Benbow, Dr. Fraser, and Mr. Monson were among the survivors, also two officers of the vessel.

The captain and his son were reported drowned, but no accurate information on these points were collected. Another raft with 17 men on it was carried into Back Bay, and getting entangled among the rocks remained until morning, and 15 of them (two having died during the night) were saved by the exertions of Captain Saunders. But, as if misfortunes were never to come single, the Castlereagh, Captain Tonks, from Kanack, with 150 troops on board, about twelve o'clock at night, having, as it is said, seen the lights in the wreck, and mistaking her for a vessel at anchor, bore up, and also went on shore within a few yards distance of the other wreck.

Still Later from England.

Five Days Later from England.

We are indebted to the New York Herald for a slip containing the following foreign intelligence.

By the arrival of the packet ship Quebec, Captain Hebard, we have received files of London papers to 12th of August inclusive.

Wesleyan Conference.

The Wesleyan Conference, of the British Isles, has commenced its sittings, according to appointment, in Brunswick chapel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The Rev. Robert Newton, lately returned from his visit to America, where he went as a delegate from the British Conference to the American, was elected as president by a very large majority.—The place of secretary was filled up by the election of the Rev. Dr. Hannah to that office. The Wesleyan connexion, so far as reports have been made, is in a state of great peace in all its departments; and it is expected that the actual increase of members to the society, during the last year, will not be less than 20,000, including about 6000 reported as the increase on the Mission stations.

The Expected Result of the Anticipated Fight Between France and England.

Should Mehemet Ali, it is now confidently said, resist the injunctions of the four Powers, an English fleet, together with an Austrian fleet, is to blockade the coasts of Syria and Egypt. Provisionally, Admiral Stopford's squadron is to prevent Ibrahim's army from receiving any supplies by sea, and carries out arms, provisions, and ammunition for the insurgents. This is to be the first series of coercive measures. This Machiavelian policy is intended to exasperate Mehemit Ali into doing something which may serve as a pretext for a combined attack from England and Russia. If Ibrahim's army should pass the Taurus, and in that case a Russian army will land at Constantinople, and an English fleet will penetrate into the sea of Marmora. This is the secret object of the treaty. This is the object of the compact between England and Russia. Each of the contracting parties has obtained its object. The Russians set foot at Constantinople, and the English force the Dardanelles. As to Prussia and Austria, they are to have the crumbs which fall from this feast, should Providence permit it ever to take place.

France.

The tone of some of the late French papers is more peaceable; but they contain copious accounts of the army and naval force of France.

Paris, Aug. 10.—The most perfect tranquility prevails at Paris, and an advance in the public funds shows that confidence is gaining ground.

M. Guizot arrived at Boulogne on Thursday, and immediately proceeded to the chateau to meet the King and M. Thiers.

Reports were spread at Paris on Saturday of the resignation both of M. Thiers and M. Guizot, but they could not be traced to authority.

No news was current on Saturday relative to the diplomatic relations of England and France. Public opinion was much calmer on the subject, and the funds advanced two per cent on Friday and Saturday.

Our correspondent at Boulogne informs us that Prince Louis Napoleon left that town on Saturday, under an escort of gendarmes. His destination is supposed to be the fortress of Ham, or Picardy.

The Paris papers all concur in viewing it as the most brainless expedition ever planned, and they wonder how Louis Napolean could have been entrapped into such an act of folly. Some of the persons taken with him are said to be agents of the police, who have been well paid for the risk of life they incurred on the occasion, and for the measure of punishment which, to save appearances, they will undergo. If the prince were not misled by the manœuvres of those persons, how is it possible he could have committed such an act of folly, or that, having engaged in it, he did not take the common precautions of securing a retreat.

The plan of invading the army of forty was to have surprised the garrisons of Boulogne and Montreuil, and then marched up to Dieppe to secure the King's person at Chateau D'Eu. Louis Philippe once their prisoner, the conquest of France was to follow of course, after which Napoleon II. was to be proclaimed, and the live eagle maintained at the public cost in Notre Dame, as St. Anthony's ravens are maintained in the cathedral church at Lisbon. Fate, however, has cut short these brilliant designs. The Prince is now a prisoner at Ham, to be tried, not by the Chamber of Peers, as was at first supposed, but by the ordinary criminal courts in common with the other delinquents. It is said that the law will be allowed to take its course, as the assassin-like act of firing on an unarmed man relieves the Government of trying him for high treason, and places him on a level with other malefactors.

The French naval force now afloat in the Mediterranean comprises thirteen sail of the line, from eighty guns upwards. Eight of them are in the Levant, four off Tunis, one at Toulon. Government will no doubt, reunite the two squadrons to avoid either of them being exposed to a contest with unequal forces. At Toulon there are three eighty gun ships, and one a hundred and twenty, which could put to sea in six weeks; and the marine department could finish and fit out, within three months, eight other sail of the line with ten or twelve large frigates.

"They talk," says the National, "of casting cannon, of calling out 500,000 men, and of confiding the defence of towns and of the frontiers to the reserve of the National Guard."

Russia.

The Presburg Gazette of a late date states that letters from Guizewo, dated June 22, announce that 150,000 Russian troops had marched for Syria. This statement is in all probability exaggerated, but the troops assembled by Russia on the borders of the Black Sea have been much more numerous than the object they professed to accomplish has demanded.

Turkey.

All is quiet, we learn in Constantinople. Old Koreshew Pacha has been sent into exile.

Syria.

BEIROUT, July 26.—Of course, you must have all heard of the close of the insurrection, but you have not heard of the horrible desolation and massacres that have been perpetrated in the mountains, particularly in Lebanon and the neighborhood. The soldiers marched to the mountains without any resistance, and have been plundering and burning every village they came near, and committing the most barbarous and vile excesses.

Ibrahim Pacha, surprised in 1833 by an almost general rising of the people of Syria and Palestine, although at the first onset he was obliged to shut himself up in Jerusalem, ultimately defeated the insurgents with great ease. He is now more powerful than he was in 1833, his troops are more practised in war, and the rebellion does not extend beyond the chain of Lebanon, the population of which does not exceed 40,000 souls,

Later—by the Garrick.

The Garrick at New York on Tuesday brings seven five days later from England. We are indebted to the New York Herald for the following summary.

The Garrick left Liverpool on Sunday, Aug. 16th, bringing London and Liverpool dates to the 15th inclusive.

Favorable accounts of the weather still continue to flow in from all parts of the country.

The money markets in Paris and London are again depressed, owing to several causes; one is the continued warlike movements of France.

The cotton market is active, prices have advanced one quarter of a penny; a great many bales have been bought on speculation; holders are firm and prices steady at an advance.

Parliament is prorogued till the 8th of October.

The Britannia.

The Britannia arrived at her moorings in Liverpool, on the afternoon of August the 14th, making the run from Boston in 13 days; she was only 9 days and 15 hours from the time she tripped her anchor off Halifax until she cast anchor before the town of Liverpool.

The British Queen was off Plymouth, August 15th, making just 14 days on the passage.

Prince Albert has been made a Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford.

We stated some time since, that Poulett Thomson was to be raised to the peerage. The honor is to be conferred directly.

Sir Colin Campbell, Governor of Nova Scotia, is to be Governor of Ceylon, and Viscount Falkland succeeds him.

The Garrick brings a rumor that a revolution had broken out in Constantinople, against the Sultan Abdul Medjched, in favor of the old Turkish party.

The French are fitting out four line of battle ships, and five frigates, at Toulon, to sail instantly for Egypt.

A new persecution of the Greeks has begun in Constantinople.

Prorogation of Parliament.

Parliament was prorogued on the 11th August by the Queen in person.

Among those present at the delivery of the speech of her Majesty, were the Turkish, Dutch, Russian, Austrian Prussian, Belgian, American, and Swedish ambassadors. The throne, footstool and canopy were regilt and decorated for the occasion; and on the dias, one step lower than the throne, was a splendid chair of state for his Royal Highness Prince Albert. On the right of her majesty were two state chairs for the King and Queen of the Belgians, two steps lower than the throne.

The Duchess of Kent, who was present, wore a dress of white satin, embroidered with gold, a bandeau of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers. The Queen of the Belgians wore a magnificent robe of white flowered satin, richly trimmed with lace, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Her Majesty, who looked extremely well, wore a robe of white satin, richly trimmed with lace, and fastened in front with gold cord and tassels; a stomacher, necklace, ear-rings, and a tiara of brilliants. On ascending the throne, she delivered the following speech, in which, it is not a little remarkable, no allusion is made to the pending difficulties with France.

The Queen's Speech.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*:

"The state of public business enables me to close this session of Parliament; and in releasing you from your attendance, I have to thank you for the care and attendance with which you have discharged your important duties.

"I continue to receive from Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their anxious desire for the maintenance of peace.

"I congratulate you upon the termination of the civil war in Spain. The objects for which the quadruple engagements of 1834 were contracted having now been accomplished. I am in communication with the Queen of Spain, with a view to withdraw the naval force which, in pursuance of those engagements I have hitherto stationed on the northern coast of Spain.

"I am happy to inform you that the differences with the government of Naples, the grounds and cause of which have been laid before you, have been put into a train of adjustment by the friendly mediation of the King of the French.

"I rejoice also to acquaint you that the government of Portugal has made arrangements for satisfying certain just claims of some of my subjects, and for the payment of a sum due to this country under the stipulations of 1827.

"I am engaged, in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, in measures intended to effect the permanent pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby afford additional security for the peace of Europe.

"The violent injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and the indignities offered to an agent of my Crown, have compelled me to send to the coast of China a naval and military force, for the purpose of demanding reparation and redress.

"I have gladly given my assent to the Act for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland.

"I trust that the law which you have framed for farther carrying into effect the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will have the beneficial effect of increasing the efficiency of the Established Church, and of better providing for the religious instruction of my people.

"I have observed with much satisfaction the result of your deliberations on the subject of Canada. It will be my duty to execute the measures which you have adopted in such a manner as, without impairing the executive authority, may satisfy the best wishes of my subjects, and provide for the permanent welfare and security of my North American provinces.

"The legislative bodies of Jamaica have applied themselves to the preparation of laws rendered necessary or expedient by the altered state of society. Some of these laws require revision and amendment, but I have every reason to expect cordial assistance from the Assembly of Jamaica in the salutary work of improving the condition and elevating the character of the inhabitants of that colony.

"The conduct of the emancipated negroes throughout the West Indies has been remarkable for tranquil obedience to the law, and a peaceable demeanor in all the relations of social life.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*:

"I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year.

"I lament that it should have been necessary to impose additional burthens upon my people; but I trust that the means which you have adopted for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of the public service are calculated to press with as little severity as possible upon all classes of the community.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*:

"In returning to your respective counties, you will resume those duties which you perform so much to the public benefit and advantage. It is my anxious desire to maintain tranquility at home and peace abroad.

"To these objects, so essential to the interest of this country, and to the general welfare of mankind, my efforts will be sincerely and unremittingly directed; and, feeling assured of your co-operation and support, I humbly rely upon the superintending care and continued protection of Divine Providence."

The Royal procession returned to Buckingham Palace in the same order as it arrived at the House of Lords. Her Majesty was loudly cheered.

Prince Louis.

Galignani's Messenger contains the following:

The preparations which have been going on for the last two days were for the purpose of receiving Louis Bonaparte, General Montholon, and other persons, who are to be tried by the Court of Peers. On Tuesday night, twenty minutes after twelve, a carriage containing Louis Bonaparte arrived at the Conciergerie, escorted by some departmental gendarmerie and Municipal Guards. The prisoner was guarded in the carriage by M. Lardenois, Lieutenant Colonel of the Municipal Guards, and several of his men. The prisoner, after his arrival had been duly registered, was taken to the room which had been prepared for him.

Prince Louis on arriving at Conciergerie wore a light drab paletot, with military waistcoat and pantaloons. He was evidently much depressed in mind. His face was pale, and his whole person betrayed great prostration of strength. Im-

PARIS, Aug. 6.—Many of the journals are calling out for the trial of Prince Louis, and it is generally believed that he will be brought to trial, in order that there may be no more outcry about two kinds of justice—one for the people, the other for princes; but the idea that he will be executed is entertained by nobody; the worst that can happen to him will be the fate of Barbes and Blanqui, who, for similar attempts, were condemned to death, but had their sentences commuted to perpetual imprisonment. To execute Prince Louis, would therefore, in the eyes of the nation, be little less than murder, particularly as the senseless folly of his enterprise shows that he is hardly a moral agent.—*Correspondence London Globe.*

By the British Queen!

Eighteen Days Later from England—Highly Important—Full Prospect of a War—Refusal of Mehemet Ali to come to any terms but Blows—Anger of Louis Philippe—Important Document by Lord Palmerston—Insurrection in Spain—Fall of the Ministry—M. Thiers a Stock Jobber—Decline of of Funds—The Markets, &c. &c.

The gallant Queen arrived in New York on Wednesday night, at eleven o'clock. She made the passage in fifteen days from the Needles. By her we have London papers to the 1st of September inclusive.

Her news is important. There is now every prospect of a war. Mehemet Ali has positively refused to comply with the request of the four powers. All over France and England there is the utmost activity in preparing the army and navy for war.

War.

All the nations of Europe are preparing for war on a grand scale. And yet they all say, "it is *all for peace!*" An admirable way of manifesting a love of peace this! Russia will soon have over 200,000 troops in the field. France will count upon 700,000 troops in case of need, and is fitting up her naval marine on a grand scale. England is now moving in her vast naval preparations—a number of large ships of the line are fitting for sea with all despatch. New ships are launched, and old ones fitted up and commissioned. At Woolwich, at Deptford, and at Portsmouth, the greatest activity prevails—and Mehemet Ali is just as busy for war as any of them. And this is all for "PEACE!!!"

The defeat of the Russians in Circassia is fully confirmed.

M. Thiers has been accused of stock jobbing on a grand scale. The examination of Louis Napoleon still continues. He is to be tried in October. Louis Phillippe has been nearly shipwrecked. The captain of the English steamer Edinburgh Castle is released. The downfall of the Thiers' ministry is expected. The Spanish ministry has fallen. There has been an insurrection in Spain. Leopold has left England to try to pacify Louis Phillippe. French army and navy has been largely increased. The French papers are more mild. The English people and government keep cool.

The Independence arrived out in 22 days.

The Money Market was heavy, with a downward tendency.

Consols left off on the evening of the 31st, at 90 1-8—This is a small decline.

Cotton in Liverpool is selling largely at moderate but steady prices; say for Upland, from 5d to 6d; for Mobile from 5d to 6d, and for New Orleans 5d to 7d.

Manufactures are very dull.

The harvest will be very good.

Smuggling.

On the last return of "the British Queen" from New York, the ship was seized by the Custom-house in consequence of a large quantity of tobacco being smuggled on board and stowed away amongst the coals and between the engines. Capt. Roberts, and the officers of the vessel have been honorably requitted of all cognizance of the transaction, and the guilty parties have been discharged from the service of the company.

The Queen brought out about 150 passengers, among whom were several French ladies and gentlemen. She had also on board a valuable cargo of light goods. Her ship letter bag from the General Post-Office contained several thousand letters besides an immense number of newspapers. The British Queen was fresh manned, the old crew, supposed to be more or less implicated in the late smuggling affair, having, with the exception of the first engineer, and two or three others, been discharged the company's service.

The line of battle ship London was launched on the 29th of August.

"The Britannia" steamship, which sails from Liverpool on Friday next, will take out Lord Falkland, the new Governor of Nova Scotia. His Excellency and suite, have taken twenty berths.

The Princess Augusta still remains in a dangerous state, and with scarcely any probability of recovering. The fashionables have pretty nigh deserted London, and the season is at an end.

Marriage of the Reigning Duke of Brunswick.

From Brunswick we learn that the reigning Duke, yielding to the wishes of his subjects, has resolved to marry, and has chosen a princess of the house of Mecklenburgh Strelitz. It is asserted that the King of Prussia has contributed to bring about this alliance.

The "Moniteur Parisien" contains the following article:

"Intelligence from Alexandria received by Government states that the Viceroy of Egypt has replied by a refusal to the notifications which Rifaat Bey was charged to convey to him. He declared that he would repel force by force, but that he would commit no act of aggression."

Russia is busily engaged in raising a large force on her frontiers for the invasion of the Circassians.—Cabrera has been removed to Lisle. The Queen of Spain is still in Barcelona. Gen. O'Donnell, and other officers in the Spanish service, have resigned. And things remain a good deal unsettled. The Eastern Question is not settled, but more quiet at present. Syria is settled—and the Turkish fleet has returned to Alexandria.

Egypt.

By late returns, it appears the military force of Egypt, stationed at various points by the Pacha, amounts to over 200,000 soldiers. The Pacha is a hard customer to deal with. It is supposed to be the intention of the Quadruple Treaty to force Mehemet Ali Pacha to yield up Syria to the Porte, by strength of arms. France, to secure more permanently her interest in Africa, deems it necessary to maintain an alliance with the Egyptian warrior. And England, to secure a more direct route to India, through Syria, and along the Euphrates, wishes Syria to be under the dominion of the Porte—over which she is exercising a considerable influence.—The Turks have a minister at this court. I saw his Highness, with an *attache*, in an open barouche, riding with some English gentlemen. They did not look unlike (in color) our North American Indians, of a lighter cast, with their turbans and huge trowsers, to distinguish them from the Greeks, or Sioux.

Russia sides with the Porte and England at present, from motives which will be fully developed by and by.

The terms of the quadruple treaty between England, Rusia, Austria, and Prussia, and which have been ratified, demand Mehemet Ali's evacuation of the whole of Syria, except the Pachalic of St. Jean d'Acre, which he is allowed to maintain on terms similar to those by which the other Pacha's of the Porte exercise power over the several dominions under their charge. The Island of Candia is to be given up. The hereditary possessions of Egypt is guaranteed to him, subject to the regular tribute to the Sultan.

As regards the actual state of affairs with Mehemet Ali—there is no present prospect of his coming to terms; and the latest accounts from Alexandria represent him to have received with much daring and defiance the news of the Four Powers being determined to force him into obedience. It is generally understood that at the expiration of the stipulated period, a blockade of Alexandria will be enforced—however, the Pacha is making the utmost exertions in the equipment of his navy, and in the army a most extraordinary increase has been effected. England is, also, greatly increasing her naval force; several ships of war are ordered into instant commission, and other symptoms of hostilities are in active operation. The increase of the French army as well as navy is rapidly being carried out; indeed, in every department of the services an unprecedented series of hostile symptoms have occurred—and yet the people of England seem to regard the whole affair as of very secondary import, and not likely to be of serious result.

King Leopold.

King Leopold of Belgium has been in London, in order to use his endeavors to obtain a settlement of the Eastern question. Since his departure from London, he has visited Brussels, and he is now gone up the Rhine, in pursuance of his pacificatory object. It is reported that he has succeeded in bringing about a friendly sentiment; at all events his best exertions will be made. It is very certain that should the peace of Europe be disturbed, the Kingdom of Leopold is in a most precarious situation, and whatever the consequences to either of the Great Powers, the puny regalities of Leopold would instantly expire.

The downfall of the Thiers' Ministry is daily expected, and should this occur, it is almost a matter of certainty that the present exciting difference between England and the French Government would cease.—Thiers is the main spring of the whole affair, and has strained every nerve in fomenting disagreement.

Prince Louis Napoleon.

The trial of Prince Napoleon and his associates will take place in October, numerous of the prisoners, including the prince, General Montholon, and Colonels Parquis and Montauban, have undergone lengthened examinations. In course of the Prince's examination, he stated himself to be the legal heir of his uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, and that he believed a majority of the army to be in his favor.

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To Correspondents.

"My First Love," shall appear. It is, in some verses, quite commendable.

"Fame," is on file for insertion. The poetry of "the Hemans of America," has met a response in other hearts beside that of "S. R." for it breathes in every line the purity, the fervor, the aspirations of a soul full of sweetness.

The "Stanzas," by Omar, beginning

"Say—what art thou doing
Maiden, mine?

are only passible. They affect a style which the writer is scarcely able to maintain. Does Omar call verses like these, poetry?

"Spare me that reproachful glance,
Maiden, dear,
Thou seem'd in a trance,
And I saw a gathering tear,—
I thought I was forgotten—
Was the fear
Of vain conceit begotten
Maiden, dear?

It will never do. Take our word for it, unless Omar can sing better than this, he will never write even a rhyme.

Ah! here is our facetious friend Major. With the character in the old novel we can say "the fellow has wit if he wasn't so saucy." We shall not say friend Major, "your piece is no go," but borrow from Crocket, and say "go ahead." Seriously, Major can write pretty well, and will yet, if he continues improving, be able to

"Cock up his beaver, and cock it full sprush."

His article shall appear next week, and we shall be happy to hear from him again.

"Autumn," is on file. It shall soon appear.

"A. B's." Enigma shall appear. A hint is enough. If it don't twinge the consciences of some of our subscribers, we know not what will.

"Gootro"—not to-day. The weather is too cool.

The article from the pen of Henry B. Hirst, Esq. is on file for insertion. It is a highly praiseworthy production.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Pawtuxet Bank, Pawtuxet, R. I. 1's letter B various dates, and payable to different persons. A. B. Warner, Pres't, J. W. Wilson, Cashier.—Paper thick and bad.

Bank of the State of Georgia. 5's pay to Jno. Balfour, A. Porter, Cash. W. B. Bullock, Pres't. Engraving coarse; signatures well imitated.

Farmers' Bank of Orwell, Vt. 10's and 20's, Vignette an agricultural picture; can be detected by observing that the spurious bills purport to be engraved by the Eastern Bank Note Engraving Co.

Farmers' Bank, Amsterdam, N. Y. 3's, letter B. dated Aug. 2, 1840; L. Johnson, Cash. H. Brown, Pres't. general appearance bad.

Roger Williams' Bank, Providence, R. I. 10's altered from 1's; may be detected by holding them up to the light.

Commercial Bank, Oswego, N. Y. 5's and 10's altered from 1's and 2's; the alteration may be detected at once by the difference between the vignettes of the true notes and the altered ones. That of the one at the top, is a head of Venus rising from the sea; on the left hand a steamship, with the word "New York" under it. At the top of the two, Neptune and Amphitrite in a car, drawn by two sea-horses. At the top of the five a small steamboat directly over the word Commercial. At the top of the ten the arms of the State of New York.

Union Bank of New York. 1's, letter H. dated July 4, 1839.

Cattaraugus Co. Bank, Randolph, N. Y. 5's and 10's altered from 1's; may be detected by comparing the notes of any of the Red Back Bank, of the same denomination, and if the vignettes are not similar the bills are altered.

Mechanics' Banking Association, N. Y. 20's altered from 3's, so well done as to pass with ome of the city brokers. These altered notes n readily be detected by holding up the bill the light. The bank has issued no such denomination.

Oneida Bank, Utica. 3's letter B. stamped , dated Jan. 10, 1839, signed James Siddle, ash. Wm. C. Jacques, Pres't. pay to H. Haws. aper thick and of yellowish cast, engraving coarse, nd whole appearance of bill bad. The words New York Safety Fund," are on the top of the ill.

Newark Banking Company, Newark. 5's altered from 1's, dated Oct. 21, 1831; easily detected by holding up to the light.

A rogue named Jesse Heely, was recently arsted at Buffalo, in whose trunk was found a rge quantity of bills on the Phœnix Bank of hilipsburg, Vermont, in sheets, and without beg filled up. A twenty also, on the Tradesmens' ank of New York, was found, wanting the signatures. Accompanying these bills were ample plements for carrying on the counterfeiting and ck log business. He was committed.—*Reporter.*

The Broken Shinplaster Banks.—The Baltire papers announce the failure of the following intutions in that city which have issued small or ctional notes: The Patapsco Savings Fund, The imore Savings Institution, The City Trust Comy, and The Mechanics Saving Fund. E. T. Cooke been arrested and held to bail in the sum of one usand dollars, to answer to the charge of conspiracy fraud, in issuing the small notes which emanated the Patapsco Savings Fund, in which Thomas nington and himself have figured so conspicuously.

Inited States Bank.—In the District Court lately the City and County of Philadelphia, fourteen gments were entered against the bank of the United tes on the bills and post notes protested for nonment in specie to the amount of one million eight dred fifty-seven thousand dollars. The court on occasion, decided that the bank was bound to pay per cent. interest on its dishonored bills, according ts charter, and not 6 per cent. according to the act lizing suspensions.

Counterfeit.—It is said in the Signal that count five dollar notes of the Cayuga Co. New York k, have just been put in circulation. The engrav, generally is coarse, the vignette in the centre ap blurred, and the whole bill is black and dirty. bill we saw is letter B.

More Counterfeits.—Five dollar bills of the thampton, (Pa.) Bank are in circulation. The imsions of the engraving are faint and the engraved atures marked over with a pen.

Value at Home.—Notes of the Pensacola Bank pass in Pensacola at fifty cents for the dollar, as pared with the notes of the Alabama Banks.

Political Intelligence.

Maine.

The election in this state, so far as heard from, gone decidedly for the Whigs.

In Lincoln county eight towns have been heard , the result is as follows:

1840.		1839.	
nt. (W.)	Fairfield, (D.)	Kent.	Fairfield
120	941	1822	957

In Cumberland county, hitherto an unflinch- administration quarter, there is great probaly that a Whig member of Congress will be ted. The representatives to the state legisla- in this district, have nearly all been elected the Whigs, which it is supposed will thus give mplexion to that body, and enable it to elect Whig Senator. The Whig State Senators are en in this county by about 300 majority.

The returns for Governor in Cumberland Co. 18 out of 27 towns are as follows:

1840		1838	
. (W.)	Fairfield, (D.)	Kent.	Fairfield.
322	4950	4976	5037

Georgia Election.—The election in Georgia for nine members of the State Legislature, takes place on the 5th of next month. A year ago, Dougherty, Whig, was elected Governor over M'Fernald, Dem., by 1910 majority. Two years ago the entire Whig Congressional ticket was elected; but three of the members, on their arrival at Washington became administration men. These three members, Messrs. Black, Colquitt and Cooper, are now among the candidates. Georgia elects her Congressmen by general ticket.

New Jersey.—The annual election for members of the Legislature takes place in New Jersey Oct. 13th and 14th. This election is of the more importance because upon the Legislature now to be elected will devolve the choice, not only of a Governor, but of a U. S. Senator. Members of Congress and Electors of President, are to be chosen on the 3d and 4th of November.

Whig Nomination.—The following persons were nominated on the Whig Ticket this week: For Senate, Matthew Walker. For Assembly, Joshua C. Oliver, Frederick Klett, Michael Day, Charles M. Sandgrain, William B. Zane, William E. Smith, Charles S. Rohrer, and James H. Parker.

Democratic Nominations.—The following nominations were made on Monday evening by the Democratic party of the Northern Liberties, at the house of Caspar Neman, in Third street, below Green:—For Mayor of the district, John M. Cannon, late Alderman of the Fifth ward.

For Commissioners.—First ward, Christian Snyder; Second ward, Andrew Flick; Third ward, William Goldsmith and Jesse Shellenberger; Fourth ward, John K. Bender; Fifth ward, Edward D. Marton; Sixth ward, Thomas James; Seventh ward, Michael Levering.

Inaugurated.—Robert P. Letcher, Esq., and M. V. Thompson, Esq. were inaugurated as Governor and Lieut. Governor of Kentucky, on the 1st inst.

General News.

Increase of Population.—The following is the population of Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Rochester, as established by the late census, with the increase since 1835, viz:—

	1835	1840	Increase.
Albany,	28,065	33,627	5,562
Troy,	16,959	19,373	2,414
Buffalo,	15,661	18,356	2,695
Rochester,	14,404	20,129	5,725

Rochester, it will be seen, presents far the greatest ratio of increase.

A Terrible Scene.—The Louisville Journal states that "on the night of the 28th of August, the house of John Robinson, of Logan county, Illinois, was struck by lightning while the neighbors and family were attending the dying bed of Mrs. Robinson. John Robinson, Jr. of Sangamon, was killed at the bedside of his dying mother. His sister, Ellen Jane, was severely shocked, and was considered dangerously hurt, and all in the house were more or less injured."

Schooner Sunk and Cargo.—The sch'r Atlantic, Captain Scoville, from Lower Sandusky, for Buffalo, with a cargo of 23000 bushels of wheat, was recently run down by the steamboat Buffalo, Captain Allen, about seven miles below that port. The accident is attributed to carelessness on board the Buffalo. So quickly was the vessel sunk, that the crew had barely time to escape.

Unfortunate Accident.—A young man named Banister, a fireman on one of the locomotives of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, on Friday afternoon, during the movement of the engine from the engine house at Worcester, unfortunately fell upon the track, and a wheel of the tender passed over his ancle. It was so severely injured that amputation was necessary.

Eating Strawberries.—The method of eating strawberries by putting them in layers, and mixing them with lemon juice and sugar, is said to be highly dangerous, although common enough in Italy. It is alleged that strawberries so mixed undergo a chemical process, which render them highly inimical to health.

Suicide.—The wife of Mr. Joseph Thurston, residing in the eastern part of Hempstead, L. I., committed suicide on Saturday afternoon by hanging herself with a small rope from a beam in her dwelling. The rope broke, and she was found a few moments after the act was committed lying on the floor, but life was extinct. She had been deranged for some time.

An Old-Fashioned Family.—Elijah Woodward, Esq., died at Waterton, Conn., on the 2d inst. He was the last of a family of seven sons and two daughters whose united ages amounted to 763 years of age, being an average of eighty-five years. The parents of this family lived to be 92 and 95 years of age.

Stabbing.—We learn from the Baltimore American that an affray took place at the Whitehall tavern in that city on Sunday evening. From words the parties came to blows, and the affair terminated by one of them drawing a knife, and stabbing the other severely in the arm and breast.

West Point Band.—James Kendall, the best Clarionet player in the Union, (in the opinion of the New York Spirit of the Times, which we think first rate authority) has been appointed leader of the West Point Band. A better appointment could not have been made.

Death of M. Chittenden.—The Hon. Martin Chittenden, formerly a member of Congress and afterwards Governor of Vermont, died on the 5th inst. at Williston, Vt. He had a week previous to his death returned from Illinois, sick of the fever prevalent in that country.

Hard Times.—Last Sunday, says the Portland Argus, the wife of Mr. G. K. Norris, of Monmouth, Kennebeck county, gave birth to *four living children*: three daughters and a son, two of whom (the son and a daughter) are still living. The mother is "doing well."

Our Markets.—We have 12 markets in this city, occupying a space of about 33 squares to say nothing of the stands for market wagons, which may be put down at 10 squares more. Can any other city beat that?

Potatoes.—Mr. Tyree at Golgotha farm, near Lynchburg, Va. has this season raised 663 potatoes, measuring five bushels, from the planting of three potatoes of the long red variety.

Deaths in New York.—The city inspector reports 183 as the total number of interments for the week ending Saturday last, viz. 40 men; 28 women; 56 girls; 59 boys.

Great Western Railroad.—The Great Western Railroad, from Boston to Albany is progressing rapidly. No less than 2000 men are employed upon it, in some sections both day and night.

Fire.—In Trenton on Monday night a fire occurred that consumed a saw mill and lumber yard, owned by Charles Green. Mr. J. Davison's paper mill was somewhat damaged also. No insurance.

Suicides in New York.—During the year ending January 1840, the enormous number of 693 suicides took place in the city of New York—nearly an average of *two* per day.

Over the Hills and Far Away.—*David Fish*, a clerk in the Canal office at Canal Dover, lately swam away with over three hundred dollars belonging to the State of Ohio.

A Goodly Company.—The Boston Transcript states that thirteen thousand nine hundred and six persons visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown last Friday.

Board of Missions.—The receipts of the American Board of Missions during the past year, have amounted to $241,691; the expenditures were $265,774. Balance against the Board, $24,083.

Who'll Beat?—The Acadia and the President have both been spoken again. The Acadia ahead. The Brittania beat out by three or four days. Won't the Bostonians boast?

The General Pike.—The steamboat Gen. Pike was sunk on the 2d inst. near the mouth of Big Bone, Ky. It is supposed she will be raised in a few days.

Indicted Him.—The Grand Jury have found a true bill, (says the Montreal Courier,) against Captain Mc Adam, for the murder of Lieut. Farquhar.

Fire at Trenton.—A saw mill belonging to Mr. Benjamin Fish, at Trenton, was totally consumed by fire on Monday night, about nine o'clock.

Deaths in Baltimore.—Reports of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending Monday morning: Males 28—Females 21—49.

Naval.—The U. S. frigate Brandywine, sailed from Gibraltar on the 22d of July, for the eastward.

Stabbed.—Moses B. Hazleton, blacksmith, was stabbed by a free negro, in Richmond, Va. on Saturday.

Good Sales.—3400 tickets, at fifty cents each, were sold last Friday at the Monument Fair, Boston,

The Graduating Wheel.—The Albany Argus gives an account of a machine invented by Mr. E. Jackson of Albany, called the graduating wheel, by which the process of excavating and depositing earth is greatly facilitated. The repelling power is brought into practical and easy application,—the loaded car passing down one inclined plane while the resisting or "graduating" wheel is passing up the other.—These are two parallel planes started from the place of excavation to the place of deposite—so adjusted as to allow the car to receive its load at a single turn of the pivot, and to discharge itself at the foot of the planes and return—and so on, *ad infinitum.*

The use of Asphaltum.—Asphaltum is getting into very general use, and like most new things all the virtues under the sun are being ascribed to its application. Here, in this city, it is imagined by many that a pavement composed of this material, will not only outwear one of any other material, but that it is superior both in point of beauty and utility. It seems, however, that after all, it is not impervious to *rain*, for the new Custom House of New York has been embellished with an asphaltum roof and the showers soak it through freely, so that the committee has been loudly called upon to substitute something else.

Stabbed to Death.—On Monday last in Mount Vernon, N. H. a man by the name of Thomas, known as Dr. Thomas, a very intemperate man, stabbed Mr. Charles Small, of New Boston, in the abdomen, from the effects of which he very soon expired. Thomas became offended with Mr. Small at something said at McCollum's tavern, in Mount Vernon, and as soon as Small left the tavern, Thomas followed him and plunged the fatal knife into him. The murderer was secured and will undergo an examination to-day. Mr. Small was a very respectable man and highly esteemed by those who knew him, and was to have been married the coming week.

Two Men Drowned.—On Thursday the 3d inst. two young men named Everard B. Hollbrook, and Norman T. Moore, left Buffalo, N. Y. on a few hours hunting excursion on the Reservation. No tidings were obtained of them until the night of the 6th, when their bodies were found in the Little Buffalo creek, near the red bridge a few miles from the city. The supposition is that they attempted to cross in a small canoe, and were overturned and lost. Both the young men were of exemplary character, and leave a large circle of friends.

Steam on Common Roads.—We see, by the late English papers, that experiments with the steam coach continue upon the common roads with great success, even mastering hills of great ascent. On the hard level road, without slackening, a mile has been done in three *minutes*, when there were any obstacles, four minutes was the average, and in mounting an ascent, five minutes to the mile. Thus 20 miles an hour was the maximum, and 12 the minimum rates. The boiler with which this was done had a 50 horse power.

Not a Bad Idea.—The New York Express suggests the idea that it "would be a most excellent plan, if the number of the house opposite were placed on every lamp post. This would enable persons to see at a glance what number they were opposite to, and in fact could find the house they were in pursuit of better in the night, than during the day." Suppose our citizens take the matter into consideration. What fits New York would fit Philadelphia, i. e. what is sauce for the *goose*, is sauce for the *gander*.

The Bunker Hill Monument.—The fair at Boston, held by the ladies for the purpose of collecting funds to finish the Monument appears to be doing a good business. On the first day 1300 tickets were sold—seven hundred dollars—while the sales it is presumed will make up altogether the sum of 12 to 15 hundred dollars. This is certainly a great beginning. Huzza! for the women, we say.

The Body Found.—We spoke last week of the drowning of a Miss Ainslee at Louisville lately, in consequence of the boat in which she was a passenger coming into collision with a ferry-boat. We now learn that on the morning of the 3d, her body was found. Her skull was fractured by its contact with the anchor.

Bunker Hill Monument.—We learn from the Boston Courier of Wednesday morning that a gentleman of Boston has contributed $200 towards the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. The ladies of Fairhaven have transmitted $150, and the ladies of Brooklyn, N. Y. have sent a draft for $600. The work goes bravely on. The Monument will go up.

Heavy Robbery.—The Picayune of the 1st inst. says, a package of twenty thousand dollars of the Union Bank of Louisiana, entrusted by Mr. Dumartrait, cashier of the Branch at St. Martinsville, to the captain of the Arabian, to be delivered to the branch at Plaquemine, was stolen in some manner from the boat, during her passage between the two places.

Four Persons Drowned.—On the 23d ult at Apalachola, Florida, four persons were drowned in attempting to pass from St. George's Island to a pilot boat lying in the river. Their names were Mrs. Sabra Rosne, Mrs. Susan Lewis, a boy about five years of age, and Charles Ross, a pilot. They were in a leaky boat, which filled and sunk.

Another Steamboat Sunk.—The mail boat Pike, plying regularly between Cincinnati and Louisville, struck a rock about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, some forty-five or fifty miles below the former place, near the head of the Big Bone bar. She was immediately turned toward shore by the pilot, and sunk only to the lower guard. Her passengers were taken off by the steamboat Orleans.

Naval Items.—The United States ship Erie arrived in Boston harbor on Tuesday, after a cruise on the coast. The United States ships Macedonian, Levant and Erie, from Portsmouth, for Newport, were spoken at sunset on Monday evening, twenty miles E. of Boston light. The United States sloop of war Preble, from a cruise arrived at Portland on Monday noon.

Negro Revolt.—On the 25th ult. four hundred negroes revolted in the Parish of Lafayette, La. and undertook to leave their masters. Forty of them were arrested, confined, and twenty were sentenced to be hung on the 27th. Four white and one yellow man were detected as the authors of this revolt.

False Swearing.—In N. Y. on Thursday a man named Alexander Fordeaux, an importing merchant was arrested by the U. S. Marshal on a charge of forgery, in having sworn falsely to an entry of goods at the Custom House. He was committed, but subsequently admitted to bail in $3000.

Dishonest Clerk.—The Clerks now are beginning to follow the practices of Bank Cashiers. In New York, on Tuesday, J. D. Lendon was arrested for embezzling his employers funds to the amount of $1200. He was only 19—lived high—and kept big company.

Railroad Bridge Burnt.—The Richmond Compiler of Tuesday morning says—"The mail and passenger train for Fredericksburg had to return to the city yesterday morning in consequence of the bridge across the North Anna river having been burnt down during the previous night.

Insulted his Mother.—Mr. Schenck, an officer in the navy, inflicted severe personal chastisement on Samuel Medary, editor of the Ohio Statesman, in the streets of Columbus, a few days since, for publishing a wanton libel on the character of his mother.

'Twill End in Smoke.—For insulting a magistrate in Baltimore last Saturday, Jos. Hankey was fined 500 pounds of tobacco and costs. It will all end in *smoke* any how—unless the authorities are up to *snuff.*

Break in the Canal.—A break in the Genesee Valley Canal occurred on Monday evening about six o'clock, at Black Creek Aqueduct, some six miles south of Rochester. It is supposed the navigation will be suspended but for a day or two.

Man Murdered.—A man named McDonnell, was found murdered and horribly mangled in the streets of Toronto on the 31st ult. He had a wife and six children.

Mrs. Norton's Case.—The jury were finally unable to agree in the case of Mrs. Eliza Norton, at Springfield, and were discharged. They stood 10 for convicting, and 2 for acquiting.

Muskets.—Ninety-six thousand have been manufactured at Springfield within the past four years, and are stored there now.

The Yankees.—The Halifax papers complain bitterly of our fishing vessels for visiting that coast in large numbers, and encroaching on British ground.

The Salem Advertiser.—Mr. Benjamin Kingsbury, jr. has assumed the editorial charge of the Salem Advertiser.

Respited.—Edwards has been respited at Mobile. He was to have been hung on the 1st.

Building up.—Two hundred brick buildings are now rising in Mobile.

Robbery and Drowning.—On night before last, says the Picayune of the 27th, a fellow named Kelly, notorious for his rascality in this community, went on board the schooner Emerald, Capt. Morgan, where he was detected in the act of taking off two trunks of Capt. M's clothing. The mate of the schr. discovered him and gave the alarm, which aroused the sailors on board the schooner Olinthus, Capt. Gay, lying along side. Kelly was secured and taken to prison.

A seaman named Peter Peterson, belonging to the Olinthus, in attempting to arrest the thief, accidentally fell between the two vessels and was drowned immediately. Poor Peterson was called from his tranquil slumbers to fall into the sleep of eternity. He belonged to Castile, and has left a wife and two children, who are yet to grieve over his melancholy fate.

Horrid Murder.—A man named Lawson, is being tried at Louisville for the murder of a negro. He confessed that on the night his accomplice broke jail "they met (in some way not named,) and after they had gotten out of danger, hired the negro to go back and rob his master, which he did, and afterwards joined them. They then went up the river a short distance, where they plotted to put the negro out of the way, which they enacted in the following manner: Williams went up behind him and struck him over the head with a lead colt. They had to strike him seventeen blows before they killed him. They then *ripped* open his bowls and placed a large stone in him and threw him into the river.

Daring Attempt.—The Register, printed at Yazoo City, Mi. says that Mr. Wilkes, of that county, about ten days since took up a negro in the woods who had been for some time run away from him, and as they were proceeding homeward the negro secretly drew a knife and inflicted several stabs upon Mr. W. before he had time to defend himself. M. Wilkes succeeded in stabbing the negro severely with his own knife, when both became disabled.—Mr. W. received a large cut in the adbomen, which entered the intestine, and for several days his life was despaired of; but he is now likely to recover. The negro is committed for trial.

For Beating a Pauper.—The Court of Common Pleas, at Greenfield, Massachusetts, decided last week that the keeper of a poor house had no right to inflict chastisement, however moderate, upon its inmates. The court was doubtful whether the overseers had such right, and if they had they could not delegate it to the keepers of the poor houses, or to any other person. Mr. Lamb, the keeper of the poor house at Heath, was fined $2 and the costs, for beating a female pauper with a stick.

Too Much Rain.—The Apalachicola Gazette of 29th August, states that the town has been visited with rain for *fifty* days in succession, and that the earth in that region is absolutely saturated with water. Perennial vegetation has almost been drowned out, and in consequence of the humid atmosphere miriads of insects infest the air, while millions of small toads and tadpoles have appeared in several of the principal streets.

Cut his Foot.—In Boston on Thursday last as a lad about 11 years old, was playing upon one of the circular swivels for conveying the locomotives to the house at the old depot of the Worcester Railroad, and turning it rapidly, his foot was caught in the joint of the rails, and cut through, over the instep, so that one half the foot was joined to the other, apparently, by the skin of the sole. His name was Borrowscale.

Census of Troy.—By the returns of the late census the total population of Troy, including the village of West Troy, on the opposite side of the river, is a little over 25,000. Of this number, 20,000 are in the city proper, and about 5000 in West Troy. In 1830 the whole population of both places was not over 12,000; the present census showing an increase of 100 per cent. in ten years.

Indian Outrages.—Accounts from Florida state that a Mr. Parsons and a Mr. Tucker were surprised by about fifteen Indians about seven miles from Black Creek, a little off the Newnansville road. Parsons was killed, one report says Tucker was also killed, another states that he escaped. It is added that an express rider was shot near Pilatka, two teamsters near Fort Tarver, and a man at the Seven Mile House.

Harboring Deserters.—At Quebec on the 3d and 4th inst. two masters of vessels were condemned, one in the fine of 50*l* currency and cost, and the other in the mitigated penalty of 20*l* and costs, the first on the information of the captain of H. M. frigate Winchester, for knowingly harboring a deserter each from that ship.

Persecution of the Jews.—A large meeting of the citizens of Savannah, was held on the 3d inst. in relation to the persecution of the Israelites of Damascus and Rhodes. The Mayor presided, and resolutions, expressive of the sympathies and an indignant sense of their wrongs, by the meeting, were presented and passed.

Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Boston was run down by a sloop, on Friday night, between West Point and Caldwell, and sunk in deep water so says the N. Y. Post. The passengers were taken off by the steamboat R. L. Stevens. There is a report that two persons were drowned, but we are not able to ascertain whether or no it is the case.

Boy Killed.—The Transcript of Boston states that a fine boy, seven years of age, son of a Mr. Mead, of Charlestown, while crossing the main street, near the Rev. Mr. Ellis's meeting house, yesterday, was knocked down by the horses of the Medford omnibus, both wheels of which passed over his breast, causing his death in about ten minutes.

Cotton Press Burned.—At N. Orleans on the 1st inst. the engine house attached to the Lower Cotton Press, was discovered to be on fire. It burned nearly two hours and was consumed. The energetic action of the firemen and the building being fireproof, combined, prevented the flames from spreading to the adjoining building. The loss is estimated at $25,000.

Steamboat Accident—Forty Lives Lost!—The St. Louis Gazette of the 13th ult. says: The Fort Pitt was run into by the Icelander, this morning, opposite the landing, but went on her way with trifling damage. From the number of hen-coops afloat, however, it is thought that stating the loss of life at 40, is a safe estimate.

Vessel Sunk.—We learn from the Buffalo Advertiser, that just before daylight on Monday morning last, the schooner Atlantic, having on board fifteen hundred bushels of wheat, was run into and sunk six miles east of Cleveland, by the steamboat Buffalo. The Atlantic lies in six fathom water.

Pirates About.—A gang of scamps, rooted out of Tallahassee, have taken to the Gulf of Mexico, and are cruising in a sloop well manned by the desperate fellows, and well armed. Of their intentions there can be no doubt.

The Bunker Hill Fair.—The Boston Post says "the fair continues two days longer. More than $12,000 have been received, and the ladies say there shall be $12,000 more. The lady shop-keepers stand to their guns bravely, and do not complain of fatigue."

Can't Read nor Write.—It is said that there are in Hindostan seventy-five million of women who can neither read nor write, and thirty millions of these are British subjects.

She's Got Clear.—Eliza Norton, whose trial at Springfield on a charge of murder we have noticed, has been discharged on her own recognisance, which is in fact an abandonment of the case.

Hung Himself.—Mr. William Myers, of Sheridan, Chautauque county, committed suicide on Monday, the 24th ult. by hanging himself, during a fit of intoxication.

Towing by Steam.—We see it stated that all the towing on the Fifteen mile Level on the Delaware and Raritan canal between Trenton and Kingston, has been lately done by a locomotive, instead of horses.

They "Ask for More."—The Journeymen house carpenters of St. Louis, have struck for higher wages. They get $1 75, but want $2 a day.

Deaths in Boston.—Interments in the city of Boston, for the last week, viz: Males 28—females 28—56. Causes, consumption 7, &c.

The Negro Revolt.—The last Iberville Gazette says, that nine of the negroes engaged in this plot have been hung.

Elected Mayor.—At the charter election in Carleston, on Monday last, Jacob F. Mintzing, Esq. was elected Mayor of that city.

Norwich and Worcester Railroad.—The receipts for passengers and freight only, during the month of August, was $14,803 47.

No Such Thing.—The New Orleans Bee strongly discredits the stories about a short cotton crop in consequence of worms, &c.

Clear as Mud.—The N. Y. Star and Times, speaks of the Evening Post's "*sententious verbosity.*"

Give Ear.—A girl was arrested in New York on Thursday for biting another girl's ear off.

Extensive Land Slide.—A letter dated Plaquemine, La. September 4th, says: We are in the midst of desolation; the whole levee in front of the town is gone; my newspaper office has taken a trip down the river in company with several other buildings, and I have only had time to save the materials of the printing establishment. I am completely exhausted with fatigue, and beg you to excuse my not giving more ample details of this public calamity. I can merely add in a few words, that more than eight arpents front by an average depth of about 300 feet has been swept away, and it is my opinion that it will not stop there, for every thing seems to indicate that the ground will continue to slide off for several days to come."

The Steamers.—The steam ship President, from New York, for Liverpool, was spoken on the 5th inst. at 44 12, lon 57 1-2 (2 P. M. sea account, is afternoon of the 4th.)

The Great Western, from New York for Bristol was seen at half past 3 p. m. on the 22d ult. in lat 44 22 lon 57 45, by the Perry, at Quebec.

Steamer Acadia arrived at Halifax, from Boston, on Thursday the 3d inst., and proceeded on her passage to Liverpool the same day, with eighty-five passengers.

A Narrow Escape.—A late freshet removed the culvert from beneath the Utica and Schenectady Railroad, near Buffalo, in consequence of which the night train cars came near destruction, was only saved with all its passengers by an Irish woman who seeing it approach the gulf, humanely ran towards them, with cries and gestures, which were repeated by her children, who followed her, until the engineer's attention was secured, just in time to avoid the awful plunge the whole were about to make.

Four Fires.—On Thursday night last in Poughkeepsie New York, there were four fires produced by incendiaries. The first was a coach factory and used for storing machinery. Loss $7000; insurance $5000. The second was another coach factory, which was extinguished without damage. The third a store house belonging to the County Poor House; the building and its contents, all grain, were consumed. The fourth a carpenter shop.

Kisses For Sale.—At the Bunker Hill Monument Fair on Wednesday last, a sailor gave a very pretty young lady at one of the tables $20 for a *kiss*, and went away delighted with his bargain. If the same article were sold by the ladies at *our fairs*, we suspect there would be but little demand for any thing else. It would prove a most profitable *source* of revenue. We, ourself, would *smack our lips* at the first proposition.

Storm of Hail and Rain.—On Saturday last at New Haven, Conn., a storm of hail and rain was experienced of a severe nature. The New Haven Herald says, "a gentleman brought to our office this morning at 9 o'clock, a hail stone, or rather a concretion of hail stones, picked up at Branford, which measured nearly five inches in circumference, and must of course have been much larger when found."

Stable Burned.—In New York on Sunday a fire broke out in the stable of Peter Kemp, grocer, next to his grocery, at the corner of Houston and Ludlow streets, which was entirely consumed, with the provender therein. One horse was burnt to death, and another so badly injured that it is supposed he will die. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Petersburg Virginia.—This town appears to be prospering somewhat rapidly, and right glad are we to be able to notice the fact. We perceive that an Exchange has just been finished in it, also a new Court House, and three new Churches have been commenced. A number of private dwellings is to be seen going up in various directions.

Cannibals in Texas.—A late number of the Austin Gazette says: "A few days ago a Cammanche was killed on the Brushy by some Tonkahua Indians—his hands and arms, and the thick part of his thighs were cut off, and carried home as a feast to their women and children. The Tonkahuas make no secret of their partiality for human flesh."

In Place of a Bridge.—The Richmond and Fredericksburg Rail-Road Co. have procured an engine at Fredericksburg, and erected a temporary causeway, to supply the place of the bridge consumed on Monday week, so that no delay is now experienced except that of transferring passengers and baggage from one train to the other.

Good Man Dead.—The Signal says that Mr. Elihu F. Marshall, one of the publishers of the New Genesee Farmer, and author of a spelling-book which was for many years highly popular, died at Rochester on the 29th ult. He was an exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and a native of Easton, Washington county, N. Y.

The Silk Business.—The Peru (Ind.) Gazette states that the silk business is pursued with success in that vicinity. A Mr. Noyer of Miami county has so far exceeded his expectations in the production of the article during the first year of his experience, that he is about to enlarge his means and prepare for extensive operations the next season.

Incendiary Arrested.—The Richmond Star learns that a white man was arrested in Petersburg, Va. on Saturday, charged with holding a written correspondence with the negroes in surrounding counties, with the view of organizing a rise, being a part of the plan which was lately suspected to exist, and steps taken to prepare for.

A Deluge.—The Des Moines river has been lately overflowed in consequence of very heavy rains. Several mills on tributary streams have been destroyed. The water was four feet higher than it had ever been known before. Many houses on the bottom lands were literally under water, and much damage it is supposed has been done in the country on its banks.

Naval.—The following is a list of officers of the U. S. brig Consort, which arrived at New York on Thursday—Lieut. Com'dt. James Glynn. Passed Midshipmen—W. Leigh, D. M'Dougal, J. Humphreys, E. G. Parrot, F. Stanley, J. B. Johnston, W. A. Bartlett. Captain's Clerk—T. N. Meeker.

The Mississippi.—The Dubuque News of a late date says: "The Mississippi is lower at this time than we remember to have seen it is so early in the season for the last five years. The rapids are now insuperable barriers to large steamboats. We scarcely have an arrival once in a fortnight."

From Florida.—News has been received from Jacksonville up to the 2d inst. Several more persons had been shot at and killed by the Indians. On the 28th ult. the U. S. scouting party returned to Jacksonville, without being able to overtake the Indians who had been laying waste the country.

Murder.—Mr. Reynolds P. Starke, of Trenton, Ky. was shot dead from an ambuscade near that place on the morning of the 26th ult. None of the circumstances attending the event which could afford a clue by which to arrive at the causes and perpetrators of the outrage have been made public.

Health of Charleston.—That city still continues healthy. The Courier says, the Board of Health report but seventeen deaths during the past week, and it may now be considered almost certain that the epidemic which afflicted us for the past two years will not make its appearance this season.

Deep Coal Mine.—There is a coal mine worked at Monkswearmouth, England, 1606 feet below the surface of the earth. Probably this is the greatest depth at which mining operations have ever been carried on.

Gone to Texas.—J. B. Morgan, of Washington, advertises in the Globe his runaway clerk, who has decamped with a considerable lot of Mr. M's money. He is thought to have gone to Texas.

A Good Selection.—Professor William Rush, of the Pennsylvania University, has been unanimously chosen a Corresponding Member of the National Institution of Washington, for the promotion of Science.

Forgery.—A man named Conklin has been arrested in New York, on a charge of forgery, for interlining the words "or order" in a note to make it negotiable.

Very Sick.—The Wheeling Times of Saturday states that Mr Corwin, candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio, is now lying very sick at Gambier, Ohio.

Twenty Sixth Ascension.—Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, made his twenty-sixth ascension at Chambersburg, Pa. on the 5th inst. which was perfectly successful, although the weather was unpropitious.

Appointment by the President.—Gabriel Montamat to the Deputy Post Master at New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, vice William McQueen, resigned.

Canada Reserve Bill.—The royal assent was given to the Canada clergy reserve bill, by commission, on the 7th of August.

Mad Dog.—A mad dog was shot in Baltimore on Sunday.

Baltimore Occurrences.—On Tuesday a German girl was poisoned by eating some pie given to her by a boy in the street. She died next morning. Captain Corkey, of the ship Covington, on Tuesday fell down the hatchway of his vessel and fractured his thigh. Mrs. Nixon, wife of a flour merchant, fell from a wagon near the Bel-air market on Monday, and hurt herself so severely that she died. A Mr. E. Neal left his loaded gun in his room, and on Monday his sister handling it, shot herself in the breast. A store in Calvert street being undermined, fell down on Wednesday afternoon.

Squinting Cured.—We did not suspect that squinting could be cured by an operation; but the New York Courier records one performed by Dr. Detmold, of that city, by cutting a delicate muscle, which contracts the eye and produces the effect of squinting, an entire restoration was effected. This operation was first performed in Germany by Dieffenbauch, and has since been performed in England and France.

We have been requested by a gentleman of this city to copy the following interesting communication from the Baltimore American.

COMMUNICATION.

ADVICE TO THE AFFLICTED.

Baltimore County, August 5th, 1840.

Messrs. Editors—Feelings of gratitude and benevolence have induced us to take the liberty of sending you the following recommendation of a new work, which has lately made its appearance in our part of the country, and beg of you to give it a place in your paper, as we have reason to believe it will be of great public utility.

The work is entitled "Suggestions to Parents and others," by A. H. M'Nair, M. D. of Philadelphia. It contains a full account of the causes, symptoms, and treatment of all diseases, but those particularly of long standing—such, for instance, as nervous affections, disease of the spine, and spinal marrow, affections of the heart, liver, lungs, &c. It also contains an interesting engraving, which exhibits the nerves in a diseased condition, and renders the cause and treatment of palsy of the different parts of the body, so plain as to enable the most illiterate to apply the remedies prescribed in the work with success.

The work is published in numbers for the purpose of being sent by mail to different parts of the country, and we would most affectionately advise every afflicted individual to procure a copy. It has been reviewed by the most respectable authorities, and recommended to families. The physicians in our part of the country speak in the highest terms of the work, and we have been told by some of the most scientific of the Medical Faculty, that the author's treatment of diseases of long standing is original, and that the public are indebted to him for the intelligible and disinterested manner in which he has rendered it.

It is now about eight months since we got in possession of the first five numbers of the work, and feel safe in saying that it has been the means of saving the afflicted of our neighborhood over three hundred dollars expense in the article of medicine alone; and fifteen or twenty persons who had been given over as incurable, after having spent all they possessed for medicine which they saw advertised in the papers, have been restored to health by the treatment recommended in the work for chronic diseases. Another very important advantage which will arise from the introduction of the work is, it will put a stop to those pernicious advertisements set forth in the public papers by quacks and other impostors, who have assumed the title of Doctor, without having the least knowledge of the nature of disease or the filthy drugs which they recommend to be taken in all cases, and for which they charge, in most instances, over one thousand times as much as it could be procured for in a drug store. It has had this effect in our neighborhood, and we trust the same result will be produced in the city of Baltimore, and that a stop may be put to the filthy advertisements which appear in the papers we receive from that city.

Solomon T. Clarkson, Charles Eaby,
Henry Caldwell, Thomas A. Durant,
Isaac B. Fraunce, James G. Durnell,
John S. Gorman, William Smith, Sr.

P. S. We learn from the publisher's advertisement that fifteen numbers, each containing thirty-two pages, octavo size, will complete the work—the price of which is three dollars in advance; and that letters containing remittances for the work, must be addressed to the author, A. H. M'Nair, M. D. 280 Arch street, Philadelphia. The work is forwarded by mail, to all parts of the country, for the usual rate of paper postage. We have received thirteen numbers.

ALMANAC.

Septem. 1840.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
19 Saturday,	5 56	6 4	8 47	
20 Sunday,	5 57	6 3	9 47	D. H. M.
21 Monday,	5 58	6 2	10 44	
22 Tuesday,	6 0	6 0	11 36	
23 Wednesday,	6 1	5 59	12 25	First 3 5 36
24 Thursday,	6 2	5 58	12 47	Full 11 2 40
25 Friday,	6 4	5 56	1 31	Last 18 12 28
26 Saturday,	6 5	5 55	2 15	New 25 1 60

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at 1 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 3 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.

MARRIED.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Daniel Reiff, to Miss Elizabeth D. Hunsicker, daughter of Mr. Henry Hunsicker, all of Montgomery county, Pa.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 2d ult. Mr. William Nelson to Miss Rachael Douglass.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. by his brother, the Rev. Jay Clark, of Belvidere, the Rev. Robert C. Clark, to Adelaide Amanda, eldest daughter of Robt. Street, Esq. Artist, all of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, Sept. 8th, at Easton, Pa. by the Rev. John Vanderveer, the Hon. Joseph F. Randolph, of New Brunswick, N. J. to Sarah Ann, daughter of John Cooper, M. D. of Easton, Pa.

On fifth day, the 10th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Burlington, New Jersey, Joshua D. Evans of Philadelphia, to Rebecca, daughter of Caleb Gaskill, of the former place.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Charles S. Boyd, to Mary Ann Dixon, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Wm. J. Mulligan, of New York, to Ellen, youngest daughter of Peter Wikoff, Esq. of this city.

At St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. Charles M. Ferry, of Philadelphia, to Miss Selena Cecilia Cummins, of Southwark.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. E. S. Evans, of Pottsville, Mr. John Price, of Minersville, to Miss Catharine Hughes, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, Mr. John A. Brown, to Anna M. Alberton, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. M. Sorin, Mr. Perry Cope, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Mr. John Fisher, all of the District of Southwark.

On the 3d Feb. 1840, by the Rev. W. Whelan, Mr. Chas. A. Mintzer, to Miss Hannah Holloway, both of the N. Liberties.

By the Rev. William Cooper, September 13th, Mr. Jos. Stinger, to Miss Lydia Ann Hampton, both of Southwark.

By the same, Sept. 13th, Mr. Nicholas Hopkins, of Virginia, to Miss Dorothy Sibbert, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Wm. Hardy, to Miss Margaret Wright.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Wm. R. Grant, M. D. to Sarah M. Allister, daughter of John McAllister, Jr. all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. B. Keller, Mr. George Hart, to Miss Catharine Wagner, both of Menallen township, Adams county.

DIED.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. Mrs. Phebe Parvin, wife of Dr. H. Parvin.

On the 31st August, at Rose Cottage, the residence of his father, near Punxatawny, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, Henry Augustus Gaskill, eldest son of Charles C. Gaskill, aged 19 years, 11 months and 14 days, a youth of rare promise.

On the 7th inst. Mr. John Sowers, of Spring Garden, in the 37th year of his age.

Suddenly, at Roxborough, on the 17th inst. Henrietta Tibben, wife of Daniel Tibben, in the 56th year of her age.

On the 26th ult. in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Michael Gleason, formerly of Philadelphia.

In Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, after a short but severe illness, Henry, eldest son of Thomas J. Walton, manager of the Holliday street Theatre, aged 15 years.

At Jacksonville, East Florida, on the 12th ult. Sarah Ann, wife of Jas. L. Dutton, Jr. late of this city.

On Saturday morning, the 12th inst. Moore M. Wharton.

On Sunday, the 13th inst. Samuel Burgin, in the 11th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. after a severe illness of three weeks, Thomas Strawbridge, aged 21 years and 8 months.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 12, 1840, Mrs. Hannah Fritz, wife of Frederick Fritz.

August 15th, 1840, Samuel Kersey, of East Whiteland, Chester county, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 30th ult. at the residence of her father, near Woodbury, N. J. Elizabeth G. Lodge, daughter of Isaac and Mary B. Lodge, in the 15th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 12th, Miss Mary Hale, in the 18th year of her age, daughter of Alex. and Mary Ann Flinn.

On Friday evening, 11th inst. Adam Mintzer, in the 67th year of his age.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst. J. George Smith.

Near Middletown, Del. on Saturday, the 13th ult. Abraham S. Naudain, son of Arnold S. Naudain, of Appoquinimink Hundred, in the 28th year of his age, after a severe illness of five days.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Ellen Taylor, daughter of Ashbel Taylor, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. at his residence in Delaware county, Pa. Moses Palmer, in the 84th year of his age, having passed a life of benevolence and devotedness to the best interests of society.

At Mobile, Alabama, William S. Rawle, only son of S. B. Rawle, of Philadelphia.

At Selma, (Ala.) on the 25th ult. Mrs. Mary Chandler, aged 62 years, widow of John Chandler, formerly of Mobile.

In Lauderdale county, (Ala.) on the 17th ult. James Jackson, one of the most respected and wealthy citizens of Alabama.

In Dallas county, (Alabama,) on the 25th ult. Mr. David Humphrey, aged about 25 years, formerly of Connecticut.

On Monday afternoon, the 14th inst. Julia, infant daughter of Wm. H. and Elizabeth McIlhenney.

In Philadelphia, in the 17th year of his age, Stephen Dandridge Tucker, son of Henry St. George Tucker.

On the 30th of August, Robert George Bayne, son of Joseph and Sarah Bayne, aged 3 years and 7 months.

And on the 9th of Sept. Catharine Walsh, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Bayne, aged 2 years.

At Bethlehem, on the 25th of August, after a long and painful illness, in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Livingston, wife of the late John W. Peters, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst. in the 60th year of his age, J. F. Hamill.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst. in the 20th year of her age, Ann B. daughter of the late David McKinney, Esq. of Augusta, Ga.

On Tuesday, 15th inst. Eliza M. daughter of G. Harrison Rea, aged 11 months.

In Bedford county, Virginia, recently, Harris D. Mennell, Esq. long the Assistant Postmaster at Lynchburg, and highly esteemed for his fidelity in that office, and as a useful citizen.

This gentleman was for a long time one of the agents of our paper, and we can bear testimony to his integrity, his lofty honor, and his uninterrupted gentlemanly demeanor.

OBITUARY.

On the 4th inst. Ellen, daughter of Ashbel Gaylor, in the 24th year of her age.

But a few fleeting months have passed away since the subject of this obituary was with us in the bloom and vigor of youth, surrounded by all that tends to brighten the rugged pathway of human life, and looking forward to the future with as sanguine expectations as the frailty of our nature will permit us to entertain. But disease had marked her for its victim, and the rose of health soon withered beneath the touch of our common adversary,—and the voice which spoke in gladness is now hushed, and the eyes which reflected the feelings of the heart have been sealed in death. But for her death had no sting, and the gloom of the grave had been dissipated by faith in the Son of Righteousness. Then mourn no longer ye who with sorrow are heavy laden, neither murmur at the will of Him, whose grace hath enabled her to leave the world in peace—and in confidence of a blessed immortality. M.

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

Remarks—The stocks of most of the leading staples continue too small to admit of any large operations. There is a steady but very moderate amount of business going forward at present.

Bark—Sales of 1st quality No. 1 Quercitron at $30a30 per ton. Market now bare in first hands.

Coffee—There has been a fair demand, with sales of about 1000 bags Rio at from 10½ to 11 3-8 cts per lb, chiefly of a recent arrival. Some St. Domingo at 9¾a10½ cts.

Cotton—Market calm and prices well sustained.

Flour and Meal—The late foreign advices have checked the export demand for Flour, and the sales since Friday have been limited, as have also been the receipts. Sales on Saturday at $5,25 for good fair brands for export and city use. To day a sale of 400 bbls at $5.18¾, for export. Some holders ask $5.25, while others are willing to realize at $5.12½. Rye Flour—Small sales at $3.25. Corn Meal—A sale of Brandywine in hhds at $15.25. Sales in bbls at $2 87½ for Penna. Meal.

Grain—Wheat is in limited demand, buyers for export not being disposed to operate until the receipt of advices from Europe by the next steamer. Sales of good Penna. afloat on the Schuylkill at $1,10a108, and on the Delaware at $1.10 per bushel. A lot of good Delaware new sold at $1.05 in store. Rye—Sales of Penna. at 60a52cts. Demand limited. Corn—Demand good and prices steady. Sales of Southern white at 55, and yellow at 56a56½ cts. Oats—Sales of 10,000 bushels at 26 for new, old and new mixed 27 cts.

Provisions—Demand fair and prices steady. Sales of Mess Pork at $17.50 per bbl in lots. Prime $14.50. Hams—Sales at 11a12½ cts; Sides 9½; and Shoulders 7 cts per lb. In Lard, no sales of magnitude.

Sugars—Stock very light in first hands, and prices fully sustained. Sales of 100 hhds New Orleans, from second hands, at 6¼a7¼ cts. for only fair to good quality. A sale of white Trinidad at 10 5-8 cts.

Whiskey—Sales of hhds at 25 cts in small, and 23 in large lots. Bbls are held at 25 cts. and the market is dull.—*North American.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			price sold for.	par
4157	shares	United States Bank,	61½a67	100
35	do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	34½a35	50
55	do.	Mechanics Bank,	26½a26¾	20
219	do.	Girard Bank,	37½a39½	50
10	do.	Penn Township Bank,	31½	50
50	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	42	50
30	do.	Southwark Bank,	52	50
70	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	8	100
10	do.	Commercial Bank Cincin.	98	100
5	do.	Kentucky Bank,	58	100
11	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	66½	100
116	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	43½a43¾	50
2	do.	Phil. & Trenton RR.	106	100
15	do.	Mine Hill RR.	64	50
80	do.	Girard Trust Co.	24½	25
20	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	75½	50

Health Office, September 12, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 5th to the 12th September.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Neck,	0	1	Brought over,	27	33
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	——Stomach,	2	0
Bowel Complaint,	0	8	——Bowels,	1	0
Cancer of the Breast,	1	0	——Liver,	1	0
Congestion of Brain,	0	1	——Heart,	1	0
Cholera Morbus,	1	0	Intemperance,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	0	Inanition,	0	1
			Marasmus,	0	4
Convulsions,	0	7	Mortification	0	1
Dyspepsia,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Neglect,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	2	Old Age,	3	0
——Abdominal,	2	0	Oedema of Glottis,	1	0
——Head,	0	1	Rupture of Uterus,	1	0
Disease of the Spine,	0	1	Scrofula,	0	3
Drowned,	1	2	Small Pox,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	2	Stricture of Oesophagus,	1	0
Debility,	1	4	Still Born,	0	8
Fever,	1	1	Syphilis,	1	0
——Intermittent,	0	1	Spitting of Blood,	1	0
——Remittent,	1	0	Unknown,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	1			
Inflammation of Brain,	2	0			
Carried over,	27	33	Total, 95—	42	53

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, and 6 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

Sept.	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
6	66	70	72
7,	63	70	74
8,	66	75	80
9,	69	74	79
10,	70	75	73
11,	60	65	65
12,	55	61	68

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of Catharine Huneker, deceas'd are requested at once to make payment to the subscriber, and all having claims against the same, will please present them at once for settlement.

JOHN HACKETT, Administrator,
No. 5 Jefferson Row.
sep 19 6t

TO TAILORS.—Mahan's Reports of the London and Philadelphia Fashions, and Plates of Fashions for Fall and Winter of 1840 and 41, will be ready for delivery on or about the 1st day of October. This Report will be much the largest he has yet published, it will contain drafts of the foreparts, &c. of ten different kinds of coats, including the drafts of the coats he cut in his late trial of skill with A. Ward, and which were pronounced superior coats, both in fit and taste by a committee of respectable Master Tailors. The drafts are much simplified, and improved, the foreparts containing only eight lines, there are also drafts of different kinds of fashionable vests and pantaloons, including the French gaiter pantaloons, with instructions to journeymen in making up, &c. &c. The plate of fashions will be a beautiful *colored engraving*, by one of the best artists in the United States, it will contain 16 figures in fashionable costumes, and will be in every respect equal to the best London plates, and will be a beautiful ornament to the fashionable tailor shop. As the publisher has spared no expense in getting up this work, he hopes for a continuance of the patronage of the trade hitherto so liberally bestowed.

Terms, &c. $10 for the first, and $5 for each succeeding year in advance. Case Rules, an invention of F. Mahan's, from $1,50 to $1 each; Protractors of Holly, with metallic braces, from $2 to $4 each; Scales on Bristol board varnished $1 per set.—Illustrations or plates of fashions $3 per annum to those who subscribe to the system, non-subscribers to the system will be charged $1.25 per single plate or $5 per year in advance, superior inch measures wholesale and retail always on hand.

N. B. Those who are already acquainted with the Protractor System will be charged but $5 per year from the commencement of their subscribing. All letters must be post paid.

F. MAHAN,
No. 215 Chesnut street, Philada.
sep 19-3t

NEW AND ELEGANT UNIVERSAL ATLAS. H. S. TANNER is preparing a new and greatly improved edition of his Universal Atlas, which will be published in a series of numbers, each containing two maps or plans of cities. Every map will be thoroughly revised, corrected and amended, and several new plates added to the work. They will embrace all the recent discoveries in various parts of the world, including those of the American, (Lieut. Wilkes, in the Antartic regions) French, English and Russian expeditions, and will in every practicable way, be rendered as perfect as the existing state of knowledge will admit.

This Atlas is well known, both at home and abroad, and is justly regarded as one of the most complete works extant, which, when revised, as now contemplated, will no doubt fully maintain its character, as a standard for reference and consultation. The mode by which the new edition will be issued, and its low price (30 cents a number) will enable every person who may be desirous of possessing a copy to do so. We confidently commend the work to the consideration and support of the public.

The numbers of the Atlas will be issued semi-monthly, and published in Philadelphia, by H. Tanner, Jr. No. 180 Chesnut street, and in New York by T. R. Tanner, No. 8 Wall street, where subscriptions are received and specimens exhibited. sep 12—3t

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.—The Lectures will commence in this Institution on the first Monday of November next, in the New College Edifice, in Filbert above Eleventh street.

Anatomy and Physiology, SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D.

Surgery, GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D.

The Theory and Practice of Medicine, WILLIAM RUSH, M. D.

Materia Medica and Pharmacy, SAMUEL COLHOUN, M. D.

Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, SAMUEL McCLELLAN, M. D.

Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, WALTER R. JOHNSON, A. M.

The Students of Pennsylvania College are admitted to the Practice of the Pennsylvania and Blockley Hospitals on the same terms as the other Students of the city. They besides have the advantage of attending the daily demonstrations from Cases of Disease at the Dispensary of the College in Filbert street.

S. COLHOUN, Dean,
No. 15 South Seventh street.
sep 12—t nov 2

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY. In the matter of the valuation of the Real Estate of Christian Dull, late of the Township of Upper Providence in the County of Montgomery, deceased.

August 17th, A. D. 1840.—The Inquisition making Partition and Valuation of said Real Estate, was read and confirmed nisi.

Same day; On motion of J. H. Hobart, Esqr. the Court grant a Rule on all the Heirs and legal Representatives of the said decedent to appear at an Orphans Court to be held at Norristown, on the twenty-eight day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to accept or refuse the said Real Estate at the valuation thereof, or show cause why the same should not be sold according to Law.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and affixed the Seal of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 1840.

G. HAWLING, Clerk of the said Orphans Court.
sep 5—3t

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 74 Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store, No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

FOR SALE, IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 34 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width 16.4 perches and contains 34 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24½ feet front by 31 deep, with two rooms and an entry on each story, kitchen adjoining the cellar under the whole; a well of good water with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the Bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms, apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 22—tf

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c. mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.—For Sale, the fixtures of a Sabbath School nearly new consisting of Benches, Superintendant's Desk, Chairs, &c. also a small Sunday School Library and other books, suitable for a Sunday school, all of which will be sold cheap if application is made soon at No. 261 Market street. sep 12—3t

DR. WM. YOUNG'S Infirmary for Diseases of the SKIN, EYE, and EAR, instituted in 1830, is removed from 33 South Fourth street, to 152 Spruce street between Fourth and Fifth, South side.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12, 1840. sep 19—6m

REMOVED.—Joseph E. McIlhenney Dentist, has removed to No. 223 Arch street, nearly opposite his former residence.

June 20, 1840. jn 27—3m

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.

No. 14 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

Public Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationary, Watches, Jewellery, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandise and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realizing the ready Cash.

⁂ Appraisements made Gratis.

N. B.—Out-door Sales of Household Furniture, Merchandise, &c. promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Auction Store. my 19—6m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.—The following communication from the Rev. Professor Eaton, of Hamilton College, N. Y. in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of Jayne's Hair Tonic.

Hamilton, Feb. 13th, 1840.

Dr. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the "Tonic" from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised as delighted, when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long, at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hope of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic, which (amidst all the *hair humbugs* which have been advertised in the papers,) I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it *will make the hair grow*, and no mistake, at least on some heads. GEO. W. EATON,

Professor in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00. sep 5—3m

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 155 North Second st. between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions, (both Sheet and Filliting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, overlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c.

my 2—6m

THE WONDERFUL CURES PERFORMED by DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY IN PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, have excited the astonishment of all who have witnessed its admirable effects. The history of medicine, from the earliest ages, furnishes no parallel to the almost miraculous cures effected by this extraordinary medicine. The subjoined letter, from a respectable citizen of Pennsylvania, details *one* among the innumerable cases in which the remedy has been fully successful.

Philadelphia, April 7th, 1839.

DR. HIGBEE.—Dear Sir: With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to inform you of the astonishing benefit I received from your valuable medicine. About one year past, I received a kick from a horse, but after some months I recovered but while in that weak state I caught a severe cold, and I had a violent cough, and discharged very much from the lungs, and bleeding from the lungs, and very heavy night sweats, and loss of appetite, and reduced to a skeleton. I was told by my physician there was no hope for me, and that I was incurable. My physician told me that I was in the last stage of consumption, and discharged me as incurable. As I was walking out one day for the fresh air, I providentially called into Wm. Constable's Shoe Store, for one of my coughing spells came on, and fearing I should fall in the street, I went in to sit down to rest, for I could hardly walk, even with my cane. He recommended your medicine so strongly, and I having known him for so many years, and that he was a man in whose word I could place the utmost confidence, and as he offered to pay for the medicine if it did not relieve me, I purchased a bottle of your agent in Market street, and before I had taken one bottle I found relief; my cough left me, my appetite returned, my night sweats left me. I continued until I had taken four bottles, and now enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life, and my occupation exposes me very much. Now, sir, I recommend your medicine wherever I go, and tell every person not to delay or to doubt, for if a man so far reduced as I was, and sixty-two years of age as I am, can find a cure, the young have no reason to despair. The reason I trouble you with this letter, is because I saw in a newspaper a letter to you from Wm. Constable, and he refers to me as one of the persons he recommended your invaluable medicine to. If this letter can be of any service to encourage the weak to make a fair trial, you are at liberty to use my name, and if need requires, I am ready to affirm to the truth of this statement before any magistrate in this state. I have removed from Milestown to Manyunk.

John Greenleaf.

☞ DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE is at No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, below Chesnut. *Second Office*, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, Philadelphia.—All persons affected with Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the Liver, Spleen, Throat, or with Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, &c. are invited to call at Dr. Higbee's Offices, and be convinced of the value of his medicine. Price $1 per single bottle, or $5 per half dozen. ☞ THIRD COMPOUND, for Children, in cases of Colds, Coughs, Scarlet Fever, Sore Throat, Measles, Hooping Cough, &c. performing an *immediate* cure in nearly every instance; 25 cts. per phial.

☞ Observe—The above valuable medicines may be obtained at DR. HIGBEE'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET; *Second Office*, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA; of Beam & Schrack, Norristown, Pa. John Wrin, Lancaster, Pa. John Wyeth, jr. Harrisburg, Pa. J. C. Lockwood, Middleton, Del. and Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Delaware. aug 9—3m

PROSPECTUS of a work entitled: General HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the earliest times until the year 1831. By Dr. Charles Von Rotteck: Professor in the University of Freiburg, Aulic Counsellor, member of the Chamber of Deputies of the Grand Duchy of Baden, &c. &c. Translated from the German, and continued to 1840. By Frederick Jones, A. M. Illustrated by twenty-four Historical Engravings, designed by Heideloff, Dalbon and others,—engraved by J. Spittall. In four volumes. First American edition. Philadelphia: published by C. F. Stollmeyer.

The work now offered to the public is designed to fill up a great chasm in one—most important—department of literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to Man from the earliest dawn of history, down to recent times; and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works, entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true; but all of them (we mean those in small forms, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill-selected, and worse arranged: they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered, strictly speaking, General Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a *statesman* and as a *bold defender of liberty*, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed halls of learning, and breathing a *German* atmosphere, he is not a German alone;—he is a man whom the world may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, (*in the German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages*,) and is the most popular one that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first Historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the *Student*, the *Merchant*, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional Man*.

The work will be published in four volumes, octavo,—and contain between sixteen and seventeen hundred pages. It will be printed on paper of the best quality, and bound elegantly and substantially in muslin.

The work will be ready for delivery in November, of this year.

In order to bring this History within the reach of all classes of readers, the publisher has been induced to afford it at the extremely low price of seven dollars ($7,00,) per copy, *payable on delivery.*

Whoever collects eight subscribers receives one copy gratis.

Gentlemen who wish to act as agents for this work in the Middle, Western and Southern States, can hear the conditions by addressing a letter to us, *post paid.*

C. F. STOLLMEYER.
Philadelphia, June, 1840. Letter box 607.
jy 11—4m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.) No 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self-styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.

jan 12 '39—tf

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion.

Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—6m

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, *No. 160 Vine street, Philadelphia.*

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,
jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

G. WASHINGTON ASH, Agent for Negotiating Notes, Bills of Exchange, Post Notes, Bonds and Mortgages, Insurance on Life, Fire and Marine Risks, for making Investments in Stocks, and for the purchase and sale of Real Estate. Office, Back Room, No. 4 Library street, Philadelphia. jn 20—6m

SILK & COCOONS.—The Model Filature at Philadelphia, No. 390 Market street, offer for sale Silk reeled at this Filature, where Cocoons are bought in lots as may be offered.

Philadelphia, July 21, 1840. mar 14—6m

PIEDMONTESE REELS.—The Subscriber has for sale Reels of the above celebrated kind at his filature, No. 300 High Street.

aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

COCOONS WANTED.—The Subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons at *his filature*, NO. 300 HIGH STREET, for which the highest prices will be given.

aug 15—tf CHARLES CADWALLADER.

TO PAINTERS.—All kinds of Varnishes, warranted of superior quality, made and sold wholesale and retail, at the old established stand 69 North 6th st.

Also, Painter's and Artist's materials of first quality, and at reasonable prices. C. SCHRACK.

jy 11—3m*

THE OLIO.

"Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"I Love Not the Sea."

ADDRESSED TO S. R.

Oh! sing no more
Of the ocean's roar,
Or the waves that dash on the sounding shore,
Of the barques that ride
On the foaming tide,
And like fairy spirits o'er it glide.

Dost thou know the wave
Is the seaman's grave,
That in its folds lie the fair, and brave,
And many a form
Whose hearts were warm
Has been the prey of the ocean's storm.

Has thou seen the shore
When storms arose,
And the raging tempest in fury flew,
When the waves leap high,
And the sea-bird's cry,
And yon ship sinks down when no help is nigh?

Canst thou tell the smart
Of the wife's fond heart,
As she saw that ship o'er the waves depart,
For well she knew
Its dauntless crew
Might find a grave in its waters blue?

Do thy thoughts e'er rove
Thro' the coral grove,
While the billows roll far, far above—
To the foaming brine
Where the bright pearls shine
'Midst the gems untold of the ocean's mine?

There dost thou mark
Where that gallant barque
Sunk down in the waves of the waters dark?
And canst thou tell
In what spirit's cell
The forms of those loved, and lost once dwell?

If thoughts like those
Thy fancy please;
Thoughts that might well the warm blood freeze;
Then thou may'st roam
Far from thy home,
And find a grave in the sea's white foam.

But as for me
I love not the sea:
I would rather my grave in the earth should be,
Where the grass may spring,
And the wild birds sing,
And friends to my tomb, the bright flowers bring.

Hinesburgh, Vt. Aug. 1840. A. A. P.

AN ACT OF NAVAL APTITUDE.—A captain of an American sailing packet had learned that a French passenger, on crossing the Atlantic with him, was in the daily habit of making his (the captain's) tooth brush supply the place of a hair brush. Instead of placing a knife and fork before Monsieur, he one morning had set down by his plate the identical tooth brush with which he was accustomed to adjust his hair.

"Ha, ha, captin," said the Frenchman, "be gar you make one grand forget, a big mistake; where be my—what you call him—fork and knife?"

"Why, look here, Mr." said the Yankee captain, coolly, "I guess as how my tooth brush is jist as well calculated for cutting up your breakfast fixins, as it is for brushing your hair, eh?"

The Frenchman was never known to trespass on the captain's tooth brush afterward. The manœuvre of the skipper was a settler for the Frenchman.

LIBEL ON HUMANITY.—These lines, of old so famous are again quoted in the English papers, but new views of humanity and its objects and aims, have come in with rail-roads and steam presses. The power of art and science, though it emanate from man's own mind, lowers the tone of arrogance and presumption, whether it come from peasant or prince:

Tender handed touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
So it is with common natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the varlets heed you well.

FILLING UP.—A waggish printer, whom we once knew, was setting from the manuscript of an author, who wrote a very illegible hand, and whom we will call Jupiter Hobson, not being willing to introduce his real name into print, as he is one of our best and most esteemed friends. Whenever the compositor came to an unintelligible hieroglyphic, if it was short he substituted "Jupiter!"—if a little longer "Oh Jupiter!"—and if longer still, he supplied the gap with "Oh Jupiter Hobson!"—and thus the proof went to the astonished author.

A Touch of the Sentimental.

'Twas noon; and no sound broke the zephyrless air
As alone, in contemplative mood,
I stood wither wandering footsteps had led
By the verge of a pool in the wood.

All rapt and inspired by the beautiful scene,
Culling forth a smooth pebble, I said
"Oh, grant, me ye powers! to behold but one frog
And I'll wager a FOURPENCE he's dead!"

MORALITY OF THE GEORGIANS.—This wild people have a curious reason for indulgence in robbery. They pretend, that after God had created the world, he published a decree, by which all people were summoned to take possession of their several portions: the whole of mankind had a share, except the inhabitants of Caucasus, who were forgotten. Upon putting in their claim, which the Deity acknowledged to be just, he permitted them to live at the expense of their neighbors; and most assuredly they can reap ample profits upon presumption of the license.

An Aspiration for Place.

If kisses be the coin of love,
The die sweet woman's rosy mouth,
Found still on earth, where'er we rove,
Or east, or west, or north, or south,
Let statesmen on to glory plod,
And climb Ambition's paths of frost;
I only wish the little god
Would make me master of his mint.

COUNT D'ORSAY.—A confab between two cockneys on the tout *ensemble* of the London elegant, as he appeared at the late Epsom Races: "Who's this ere covey a comin' this vay?" "Vich covey?" laconically demanded the other. "Vy him on the bay, with the blue coat and shiny buttons, in the yaller tites and brass spurs?" "Vy, don't yer know him?" "No; who is he?" "Vy that ere's Count de Horse-eye, the primest swell in or out of Lunnon!"

STOLEN VELLERISMS.—"Your draft is *protested*," as the horse said when hitched to a load he could not move.

"Thereby hangs a *tail*," as the rat said when he found a trap suspended to his nether extremity.

"I plead at the bar," as the loafer said when begging a horn.

"It takes me," as the bird said to the bullet.

"To Greece we give our shining blades," as the pork butchers said when they commenced operating.

A NEW DRINK.—"Mr. Guzzlefunction, I have discovered a new drink for you; suppose you try a little?" "Well, I don't care if I do—(drinks.) It hasn't got a very bad taste to it; and, if my memory serves me right, it is what they call water. I recollect drinking some of the stuff when I was a lad!"

FORCE OF HABIT.—A Sexton attended a convention of his political associates, in a town in New Hampshire, lately, and when the convention adjourned, instead of going home with his brother delegates, *commenced blowing out the lights.*

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended—a sword when you have proved it—a maiden when she is married—the ice when you have crossed it—and a newspaper when you *have read and* PAID *for it.*

ON A LEFT HAND WRITING-MASTER.

Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with the hand that's *left.*

"MY DEAR wife!" as the man said when he looked at his last milliner's bill.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Fragment.

She was a bright and beautiful being, such as we see in our dreams of fairy land—no cloud dim'd the radiance of her eye, or shadowed the lightness of that brow "where love sat throned,"—she seemed like the habitant of some far-off clime of sunny skies, and sparkling fountains, where song-birds sport amid the sweet air, and carol forth their music from the invisible spirit of joyousness,—and I loved her: How wildly I loved that girl.

* * * * * * * *

We met when I was in the dawn of existence, when life was all spring-time and flowers, and the stream of time went laughing on amid the "violet banks"—scarce a ripple disturbing the calmness of its waves, or ruffling the serenity of its flow. To me the past seemed a blank. I knew no happiness that was not centred in the present; and that present was *Ida*. She gave the colors to all my bliss, and made each scene of beauty more pleasing. I have gone forth when the moon was riding high above, and each thought and intent was made sacred by the holy stillness of the hour,—and *there*, by the time-haunted shrine of memory dedicated to *thee*, has thy image been worshipped. Time, change, circumstances, place, all forgotten,—my spirit dwelt but with *thee*. I saw *thee* in all my high and fond aspirations for fame and glory—thine was the name that lingered to bring delight whenever it was uttered: instinctively it touched the chords of memory, and the sounds of melody they emitted, breathed a sweeter charm than that. That drew the warrior to the tented field to battle in the cause of *Lady Love*. That charm was *Ida*. Apart from the sunlight of that influence, the world held no share or part in my affections,—they were all treasured in *thee*. No dream of my youth that in thee was not personified. My wildest hopes and wishes, my deepest draught of fancy, were all realised and fulfilled. In *thee* I saw the creature of my midnight visions, in all the freshness and beauty of my waking thoughts, the same as when I saw *thee* in the land of fancy-wrought delusion. But it was no idle delusion—it was reality. I saw *thee* then in the realms of dreams, a being born to be loved and worshiped, moving amid that soulless throng as the visitant of some bright and purer sphere no enclouded visage of joy, but the spirit of bliss and happiness and love.

* * * * * * *

Years passed,—I saw *thee* again, but the rude hand of time had not dealt harshly with *thee*. The brightness of that eye was still there, undimmed and untainted,—the virgin freshness of that form was still untouched and sacred. As Hebe like and young she seemed, as in days when we roved 'neath the suns of other times, and other scenes in climes far away; no tint of time's wing had darkened the radiance of that brow so pure and spirit-like,—no dream of thy youth but had been tasted, and the fragrance lingered as the rose—the stream of her life had passed on amid the perfume of a thousand flowers, and the hues of all were starlike and beautiful, all existence to her seemed faultless and fashioned to minister to her pleasure,—for *her*, the songs of the birds were warbled. The rivulet sent forth a wilder melody when her feet trod its velvet banks; and the viewless spirit of the winds whispered but in sighs when their breezes kissed her cheeks.

* * * * * * *

And Ida moved amid them all, a being born to command, no one but worshipped *thee*. That was the Altar where a deep and ardent homage was paid, and "'mid them though not of them" I knelt, a lone devotee at the shrine of this Godess of my own. * * * * *

Philadelphia, 1840. S. H.

Popping the Question.

To us, gentlemen, this Popping the Question is often no easy matter. It drives, I verily believe, a bashful man almost into hysterics. Many a cold sweat, many a choking in the throat, many a knocking of the knees together, have these poor rascals before they can summon courage to ask a girl to have them. But it isn't so, egad, with all. Some do it with easy impudence, some do it in a set speech—some do it because they can't help it—and some never do it at all, but get married, as it were, by instinct. Only give two lovers fair play, kick your match-making aunts to the deuce, and—my life for it—the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their foot. As they get cozier and cozier, they will sit silently gazing into each other's eyes, until at last, when they least expect it, perhaps, the question will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself. It's all nonsense this lending young folks a helping hand—take my word for it all they wish is to be let alone,—and if there are any confounded youngsters about let them be put to bed or drowned, it don't matter a fig which. If lovers have no tongues, havn't they eyes, egad? and where's the simpleton that can't tell whether a girl loves him without a word on her part. No one adores modesty more than I do, but the most delicate angel of them all won't disguise her little heart when you're alone with her. A blush—a sigh—a studied avoidance of you in company—and a low thrilling, trembling of the voice at times, when no one else is by, tell more than the smiles of a thousand coquetts. Ah! you needn't, Amy, shake your head—you'll no doubt be keen enough—but if you fall in love, as you will, my word on it—the very echo of *one* footstep will make your heart flutter like a frightened bird.—*Jeremy Short.*

Death of Lord Chatham.

Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes toward heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House." The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting; if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke.

He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgment of the independence of America; and declared he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up.

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm he sat down exhausted, and the Duke of Richmond rose to explain some point on which he had been misunderstood. While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened with attention, and when he had ended, rose to reply; but his strength failed, and he fell backward in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his younger sons who happened to be present as spectators, and conveyed to his residence, where after lingering three days, he expired.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Rest in Paradise.

A man was travelling in Syria, leading his camel by the bridle. Suddenly the animal is seized with a panic of fear—he raises himself with impetuosity, foams and bounds in a manner so horrible that his master abandons him in anguish and tries to save himself. He perceived at some distance from the road a deep stream, and as he still heard the fearful neighings of the camel, he sought a refuge there and fell over the precipice. But a shrub held him up. He clung to it with both hands, and cast on every side his anxious eyes. Above him is the terrible camel, of which he does not lose sight for a moment. In the abyss below is a dragon who opens his monstrous jaws, and seems waiting to devour him. At the side of him he perceives two mice, the one white, the other black, who gnaw in turn at the root of the shrub which serves him for a support. The unfortunate man remains there, frozen with terror, and seeing no retreat, no means of safety. Suddenly, on a little branch of his shrub he discovers some fruit. At that moment he ceases to observe the rage of the camel, the jaws of the dragon, the frightful activity of the mice. He reaches out his hand toward the fruit, he gathers it, and in the sweet taste forgets his fears and his dangers.

Do you ask who is this madman who can forget so quickly a mortal peril? Learn then, friend, that this man is thyself. The dragon of the stream, is the ever open abyss of death. The camel represents the sorrows of life. The two mice who are gnawing at the roots of the shrub, are day and night, and in this situation the fruit of pleasure attracts you. You forget the anxieties of life, the threatenings of death, the rapid succession of day and night, to seek the plant of voluptuousness on the borders of the tomb.

From the Churchman.

MR. EDITOR.—A newspaper, in the following words, vividly recalls the affecting circumstances attending the death of Bishop Jolly. If the following lines are not altogether unworthy of the event they are designed to commemorate, and of a journal whose poetical department is so admirably sustained, you will oblige an old correspondent by inserting them.

"He died in his chamber, at night and alone. He was found by his attendants in the morning, with his 'decent limbs composed' for the sepulchre, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his favorite book, 'Disce Mori,' open in his hand."

The Bishop at Rest.

The taper's light burns dim
Within that chamber lone,
And the hoarse night wind by the casement sweeps
With a dull and dirge like moan,
And duly the clock's deep tones are heard
As the weary hours pass on.

Upon his bed of death,
That good old man doth lie;
His gentle brow, all calm and clear,
Turned to the midnight sky;
Unchanged in all, save the glassy film
Of death on his half closed eye.

He seemeth but to sleep,
Awaiting day's return;—
Shall he not wake when that taper's light,
At dawn, shall cease to burn?
He sleeps indeed—but he shall not wake
Till the resurrection morn.

An oft read volume lies
Unclasped upon his breast,
Solace of pain through the weary days
Attendant of his rest;
That holy book he shall read no more,
For "the dead in the Lord are blest."

In the lone and silent hours
His spirit left the clay—
No earthly eye was here to mark
When the bonds of flesh gave way,
No eye but His, who sleepeth not
To watch his saints alway.

Bravely, we think, he died—
For a blessed sign he made;—
He thought of the cross in his mortal hour,
For mark! how his arms are laid,—
If the Holy Jesus shielded him,
Think ye he was afraid?

Bravely, we think, he passed
Through grim death's gloomy sea,
For an angel's smile is on his lip
As bright as smile can be;
And his brow seems yet lit up with hope,
O how triumphantly!

Old soldier, rest thee well!
The battle strife is past—
Good Bishop!—precious souls of men,
As thy reward, thou hast—
Servant of God! with thee, in bliss,
May we all meet at last!

Believers in the El Dorado Fable.

The testimony of travellers was so positive to the truth of this famous immense gold region, that millions firmly believed in its existence. One adventurer—Martinez—related that he had been taken a prisoner by the Guianians, and kept several years in their golden capital, Manoa. And when released, that he was carried blindfolded to its borders, that he might not disclose the situation of this envied territory. Another tale of the day was, that Gumilla, a Jesuit priest, had seen an Indian who had lived in it fifteen years, and gave such a minute description that it could not be a forgery. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Robert Dudley, in 1595; Sir Robert Harcourt, in 1609, were among the Englishmen who made voyages to seek it out. The Spanish travellers are numerous—voyages continued to be constantly made in its search. In 1740, a Dutch surgeon, named Hortsman, underwent incredible fatigues and privations in an expedition. "The existence of El Dorado," says the Edinburgh Review, "was viewed at least doubtful, in most of the general repositories of information, up to the middle of the eighteenth century." About the last enterprise that was undertaken to find it was made between 1766 and 1777, when Don Manuel Centurion, Governor of Spanish Guiana, showed as much zeal for it as the most famous of the El Dorado knights in the fable's palmiest days. But one individual lived to tell the world the fate of this expedition! "An alluring phantom," says the Edinburgh Review, "operating upon the love of the marvellous, and the love of gain, thus long beguiled and mocked the world; and transmitted to posterity a tragic tale so singular, that all sympathy for the miseries which it recites is extinguished in the ridicule with which they are regarded."

Discovery of Mummies at Durango, Mexico.

A million of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments, as the Egyptian. Among them was found a poniard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c. of alternately colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, (probably our modern India rubber cloth,) moccasins worked like those of our Indians now, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches, and America will soon become another Egypt to antiquaries, and her ruins will go back to the oldest period of the world, showing, doubtless, that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Asiatic Tartars, who came down from Behring's Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scenes of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece, were rehearsed at an earlier day on the shores of California, and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned, what kind of embalmment was used, or whether it was nitrous depositions in the caves where they are found. A fact of importance is stated, that the shells of the necklaces are of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their fore-fathers, probably, therefore, landed from the Mayley, Hindostan, or Chinese coast, or from islands in the Indian ocean.—*Texas Star.*

GOOD.—A citizen, a few days ago, accosted the Secretary of the Chartered Gas Company with the common salutation of "How d'ye do?" "As well as can be expected," was the reply of the Secretary, "considering I am a *liver* upon *lights*."

From the Token for 1841.

The Madonna.

A Translated Sketch.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

The day had been sultry. Resolved to avail myself of the approach of evening to catch a breath of fresh air upon the sea-shore, I provided myself with a guide, and sallied from the gates of Syracuse. Before wandering far I suddenly caught sight of the most interesting group my eyes had ever beheld. Upon a high, square pedestal, in a niche which on one side had suffered from time and the elements, a marble image of the Madonna stood before me. Countless creeping plants twined around the shrine; a gentle breeze played among the dark-green leaves which intercepted the last rays of the setting sun, and threw their tremulous shadows upon the pale marble face of the image. The dark clouds that were rolling up from Etna, were tinged with a golden purple; and before me lay the sea, quiet and unruffled as the blue heavens it reflected.

Mount Etna, the sun, the sea—what were they, compared with the maiden who knelt before the image of the Virgin, with her family, in prayer? The fires of Etna flashed in her deep blue eye, and, as I afterward learned, the connection of the volcano was but too true an exponent of her troubled heart. Her mouth was slightly parted; she prayed. But, alas! the voluptuousness of earthly passion glowed upon her swelling lip.—Convulsively she clasped her delicate and almost transparent hands, while irrepressible emotion was legible in her trembling frame. Her humid eyes constantly wandered from the marble image, scanning the distance with such earnestness and power, that had I stood upon the summit of Etna, or lain in the depths of the sea, that look would have drawn me irresistibly thence. It was but too evident that those eyes had lost some object which no Madonna could restore to their longing sight. Her fair mother, upon whose placid features sat the blessed light of inward peace, knelt by her side. The mother was teaching a little girl of about six years to pray, and pointing to a cross sculptured upon the square stone pedestal. In a cradle near them lay a sweetly-smiling infant, with its innocent eyes directed to the cross and the Madonna above it. There were also others, women and maidens, kneeling before the image; but I heeded them not—absorbed as I was in the contemplation of the strangely expressive face of that praying girl.

"*She, also, prays in vain!*"

Shrinking with sudden terror, I gazed around. Had my guide spoken? "Did you say something, Geronimo?"

"Yes, my lord—I meant that prayer would never help the fair Marcella more."

I was silent.

"Old Etna has been a long time quiet. Pietro will soon rise again from the sea, and drag her with him under the waves."

These words, to me, were perfectly enigmatical. "Etna—Pietro—I could not seize the connection. Geronimo perceived it.

"So you know the story?"

"What story?"

"Of Pietro and Hermosea. Fifty years are now past and gone."

"What was it, Geronimo?"

"Pietro was the handsomest youth in Syracuse; Hermosa, the fairest of Marcella's family. Pietro was poor; Hermosa, rich. Pietro loved Hermosa. So far it is a common story. They could not be united:—how natural! Hermosa must marry another.

"During a terrible eruption of Mount Etna, poor Pietro, here, from this place,—I know not exactly how,—threw himself into the sea. But he had no rest there: at times he comes again upon earth, in a form so fair and seductive, that the maiden who unfortunately beholds, must love him, and is irrevocably lost. On the evening before the wedding day, Pietro sinks again beneath the waves, leaving his betrothed in despair.—Hermosa was his first victim; the sea closed over her beauteous form. Eight days ago, Marcella's betrothed lover disappeared. I am satisfied he was no other than Pietro, and that he will surely compel her to follow him. He usually does this during an eruption of Etna. She is the fourth maiden of whom Pietro has robbed her family.—How sad it is to know her impending fate, and be unable to afford her succor!"

* * * * * * *

Six months afterward, I found myself again in Syracuse. My first visit was to the Madonna's shrine. The same family were kneeling before it. Marcella's mother and sister were clad in deep mourning. Marcella was not there. The benignant face of the Madonna was now completely hid by the luxuriant vines. She hears and sees no more. The large cross was partially covered by the foliage, and seemed to have increased in size.

Old Geronimo wept while he related to me how the delicate form of Marcella became a prey to the fury of the waves.

I am not superstitious; but I could not look upon the little child in the cradle, upon the sea beneath, and Mount Etna above me, without a shudder.

Female Heroism.

In 1780, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, sent as a present a most rich and costly bracelet of rubies, to Madame du Frenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct, when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine coming alongside poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Frenoy snatched a sword from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their vessel. When this lady reached the shore, she was every where greeted with the acclamations of the populace. The Marquis de St. Christeaux waited upon her, and with his hands placed a crown of laurel upon her head—and a portrait of her was taken for the Queen of France.

Tears.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are glistening forth in crystal streams. Oh speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see the tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if not one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

A Hint to the Girls.

We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of hocus pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show him how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the king's French, may be good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that small kind usually found in *very shallow waters*. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which makes good wife.

To the Susquehanna

ON ITS JUNCTION WITH THE LACKAWANNA.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Rush on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride;
For she hastes from the realm of the dark-red mine,
To mingle her murmured vows with thine;
Ye have met, ye have met, and your shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son
And the child of the Indian king hath done.
I saw the bride, as she strove in vain
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain;
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true,
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
Yet the path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on, in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain—
With the seeds of Peace they have sown the soil;
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep;
I have stood on the mountain and roamed thro' the glen
To the beautiful homes of the Western men;
Yet nought in that region of glory could see
So fair as the *vale of Wyoming* to me.

* A name given by the Indians to William Penn.

Ladies' Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Woman.

While we may often find connected with man much that constitutes loveliness, yet it seems to be principally enshrined in woman, and so much so, that it appears to form even a part of her very nature; and while the symmetry of her form and beauty of her features will always be a theme of admiration for their surpassing loveliness; yet they are far from constituting her only, or even chief excellence, for she is adorned with other traits that are far more useful, and which cannot but be admired and loved though her outward beauty should have faded like the rose of summer, or passed away like the dew of the morning.

She appears loveliest and most attractive when we look at the sweetness of her disposition, her cheerfulness under trials, and the strength and durability of her attachment to those she loves; and it is impossible to show in even just terms, the benefit or pleasure that is afforded to those with whom she associates by the exercise of these traits,—man's happiness and joys are increased, his comforts multiplied, and he enabled more efficiently to bear up amid the perplexities of business and the difficulties that are incident to life. Woman's loveliness makes home a place of peace and enjoyment, society a delight and benefit, and causes the ties and connections of life to become more endearing;—and though she may be placed under ever so adverse and trying circumstances, yet she appears to move and act as a being superior to any other of earth; and look at her as she stands by the bedside of pain and sickness, amid troubles dark and drear, and in the midst of sorrow and misery, yet amid them all how sweet and comforting is her voice—how cheering, and consoling is her presence; and that person who is a stranger to these traits of loveliness in woman, has yet to learn one of the most pleasant lessons of life.

The superior strength and disinterestedness of woman's love cannot be for a moment doubted by any, nor can it be too highly appreciated—for it seems really to be more enduring than most other things of earth, and often even remains unchanged, though the object on which it is fixed is sometimes unworthy of such love and

"Of things beneath, around, above,—
To what shall I liken woman's love?
The depths of ocean none can sound,
But woman's love is more profound.
Pure lies the snow on yonder hill,
But woman's love is purer still.
'Tis like the rainbow, brightest found
When darkest grow the clouds around,
To smiles and tears both own their birth,
And do not both like heaven to earth!"

Philadelphia, Sep. 1840. W. R. S.

The Daughter's Burial.

A SKETCH.

Summer had come. The wild flowers of early spring were withering beneath the sun's scorching blaze, and sending forth on the gentle wings of the wind, the sweet fragrance of their departure. They had sprung upward from the earth's bosom, as the timid heralds of summer's more gorgerous splendor; had staid one short month, and were gone. The wild flowers are my favorites, for in them I read a portrayer of human life. Their countless variety, the loveliness and simplicity of some, and the majesty and grandeur of others, their changelessness, fragrance and beauty, their early bloom, their drooping and dying, just upon the confines of winter, like the last lingering and spirit broken survivor of a past generation; all, all, mirror forth to the mind that is accustomed to read in the great book of Nature, the semblance of life.

Did the reader ever stop from his journeyings to pass the Sabbath in any one of the villages that repose so quietly among the Green Mountains? If he has, the story of their unbroken stillness need not be told; for once enjoyed, it stamps itself upon the heart, and forms a bright spot in one's life, to which memory loves to lead back the soul in after years, to throw around it again its hallowed influence.

But what means this? Why this measured and solemn walking in the street, ere the sun be down? Why this gathering at a neighbor's house with such looks of sorrow? Ah! a funeral—I too went forth and mingled with the multitude in their sympathy for the bereaved, for whose heart has not felt its pangs? and, once felt, what bosom can hold back the deep fountain that swell up from the hidden recesses of the soul.

The Pastor ended his words of exhortation and prayer—kindred and friends sung a wailing song for the lost one, when the black and mournful bier, borne upon men's shoulders, moved from the house of the deceased, to the place appointed for all the living. 'Twas a little grave we stood beside, yet it was a *first born's*. We have seen the aged die and be gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season; we have seen the middle aged in their strength and glory laid low in death, and there were tears, too, mingled with the damp earth that covered them; but they were not those bitter, scalding tears that wring a mother's heart, when the severing of earth's dearest tie is felt. The shade of six summers had scarcely crimsoned the cheek of this beloved daughter, ere the hand of fell disease grappled strongly its victim, and in a few brief hours of burning fever, she that was prattling with her brother on the lawn, had ceased to be.

The father stood there in strength and manliness, but his heaving bosom and the stealing tear told but too plain of the struggle within. The mother was there. She was a young mother, yet was bowed down with grief and anxious watching; but it seemed as though she had nerved herself to come and see the end. When the sexton had laid the turf upon the little mound, and leaned upon his spade, she turned away, and a light was upon her countenance, as if the angel spirit of her daughter had come back from heaven to whisper hope—hope of an immortal union in the place of the holy, where separation will no more come forever. Then I went to my room, to think how often he that knoweth what is best for us, takes the little flowers, even the opening buds, that are too tender for earth, to transplant in a more genial soil on the banks of the river of life.

MODESTY.—Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring modesty. The most beautiful flower of the garden that most attracts and charms the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is beheld sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of green leaves, which serves to partially protect it from the sun and elements, and renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

Farmers' Department.

Work for September.

THE GARDEN.

If there be ground to spare, the last crop of broccoli may be planted out. Prick out into nursery beds the young cabbage plants sowed last month. These being intended for the early spring cabbage of next year, should be treated with rich ground and a good aspect, to get them forward, to be finally planted out next month. Transplant the different sorts of lettuce sowed last month into frames, or upon dry warm-laying borders, for winter and spring use. Sow also some more seed of the hardier kinds, to be protected in frames or otherwise, to come in as early as possible next year. Small salading may still be sown in drills, on warm borders, twice or thrice in the month.

See that all the growing crops of spinach turnips, carrots, broccoli, and all other rowed crops, be thinned and kept well hoed among, and free from weeds, slugs, and insects. Watering is indespensible to many crops at this season, such as cucumbers, kidney beans, lettuce, and michælmas cauliflowers, and particularly all lately sown or transplanted vegetables.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.—Very little advice is required relative to this department at the present time. Many of the wall and orchard fruit are ripe or ripening. Ripe fruit are known by their color, scent, or by the ease with which they part from the tree. All fruit intended for keeping should be gathered rather before they are fully ripe, as by this precaution they are less liable to injury, and keep longer on the shelves. Ripe fruit intended to be eaten the same day, should be gathered in the cool of the morning; the sun's light and heat deteriorates its flavor much after being thoroughly mature. Guard the ripe fruit from wasps, flies, and other insects, by setting traps of honeyed water, and hollow tubes of same material, to allure them from eating or nestling about the fruit. Vines, and all other wall trees, still require the *dresser's* assistance, as well for removing supernumerary shoots as for keeping danglers close to the wall. Fruit dropping before they are ripe shows a want of moisture at the root.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Gathering ripe seeds, clearing away decayed stems, leaves and flowers, parting the roots of perennials which have done flowering, is the principal business. Auriculas should be kept free from moss and dead leaves; and if any require shifting into other pots, it may now be done. Seedling flowers may be pricked out into beds or pots. Plant out into beds pink-pipings and cuttings of plants put in in May and June. Seeds of anemones, ranunculus, cyclamen, may now be sown in pots, and placed in a frame for protection. Plant autumn-flowering bulbs, and take off offsets from those which it is desirable to increase. Support tall-growing plants, and water plentifully all the more delicate sorts which are soon expected to flower.

Bad Practice of Farmers.

BY PRESIDENT MADISON.

1\. That of cultivating land either naturally poor, or impoverished by cultivation. He attributes this to the effect of "habit," continued after the reason for it had ceased to exist. Whilst there was an abundance of fresh and fertile soil, it was the interest of the cultivator to spend his labor over as great a surface as he could. Land being cheap and labor dear, and the land co-operating powerfully with the labor, it was profitable to draw as much as possible from the land. Labor is now comparatively cheaper and land dearer. Where labor has risen in price fourfold, land has risen ten fold at least.

2\. The evil of pressing too hard on the land, has also been much increased by the bad mode of ploughing it. Shallow ploughing, and ploughing up and down hilly land, have, by exposing the loosened soil to be carried off by rains, hastened more than any thing else the waste of its fertility.

3\. The neglect of manure is another error. It is traced to the same cause with excessive cropping. In the early stages of cultivation in the country, it was more convenient and more profitable to bring new land into cultivation, than to improve old land. The failure of new land has long called for the improvement of old land;—but habit has kept us deaf to the call.

4\. Among the best means of aiding the productiveness of the soil is irrigation—a source which abounds in this to a much greater extent than in any other country.

5\. Mr. Madison conceives it a great error that horses should be used instead of oxen, and his reasoning is pretty conclusive in favor of the ox.

6\. Too many neat cattle are kept. As a farm should not be cultivated beyond the point at which it can be kept in good heart, so the stock of cattle should not be kept in greater number than the resources of food can keep in good plight. If a poor farm is unprofitable, so are poor cattle.

7\. Of all the errors in our rural economy, none perhaps is so much to be regretted, because none so difficult to be repaired, as the injudicious and excessive destruction of fire-wood. It seems never to have occurred that the fund was exhaustible, and that a crop of trees could not be raised as quick as one of wheat or corn.

Aerolites—or Stones which have fallen from the Sky.

The chronicles of almost every age and country, record the fall of these bodies. The Chinese and Japanese noted down with great care every thing connected with the appearance or these extraordinary phenomena. The chinese actually made catalogues of them, believing that they were connected with the contemporary events. There was no occasion for laughing at this oriental superstition, since there was not wanting, half a century ago, philosophers in enlightened Europe who declared the impossibility of stones falling from the atmosphere at all.

A thin crust, of a deep black color, covers the whole of them. They have no gloss, and the surface is roughened with small asperites. When broken they are internally of a grayish color, and are of a granulated texture, among which four different substances can be discovered by the lens. Those which occur most frequently, vary from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea. They are of grayish color, sometimes inclining to a brown; opaque, with a small lustre, and capable of giving faint sparks with steel. The second kind is of a reddish yellow, and black, when powdered. A third consists of small particles of iron, in a perfectly metallic state. For the presence of these, the mass possesses the quality of being attracted by the magnet. The fourth is in general of an earthly consistence, and crumbles when pressed between the fingers. These bodies are composed of iron and nickel, both in a metalic and oxidized state; sulphur, silex, an earth, magnesia, and about one per cent. of chrome.

One of the most remarkable cases of antiquity is that mentioned by Pliny, in his Natural History. This stone fell near Egospotamos, in Thrace, about 465 years before the Christian era. Pliny informs us that it was still shown in his day, and that it was the size of a cart, and of burnt color. The Greeks believe it to have fallen from the sun, and that the philosoper Enaxagoras had predicted the exact period when it should arrive at the earth's surface. According to the historians who have recorded the event, its fall was preceded by a meteoric appearance of every unusual character. We are told that a large fiery body, like a cloud of flame, careered through the heavens with a vague, uncertain motion. By its violent agitation, several fragments were projected from it in various directions, sweeping with the velocity of "shot stars down the troubled sky." On examining it after its fall, no trace of combustible matter was found, and the stone, although large, did not at all correspond to the dimensions of the meteor. Various other instances are recorded of the fall of meteoric stones in ancient times.

TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY the body of all those morbid humors, which are the true cause of disease, is the

ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The author of our existence has provided certain outlets or drains, through which all useless and corrupt humors are expelled from the body. These are the lungs, skin, kidneys and bowels, and so long as they are all kept open and discharge freely their allotted portions of impurity, the body will continue in health; but when from eating improper food, breathing impure air, sudden transitions from heat to cold, or any other cause, the above outlets become closed; it is like stopping the common sewers of a city, and allowing the filth to accumulate in the streets. The results of such conduct would be disease and death.—Just so with the human body, when one or more of the above outlets are closed and morbid humors are allowed to accumulate in the body, disease and death will be the certain consequence.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

will be found the most extraordinary medicine in the world for carrying out the

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors and other impurity, at the same time promote a proper discharge by the lungs, skin and kidneys. Thus it will be seen, by a single operation of this extraordinary medicine, all the

NATURAL DRAINS ARE OPENED,

and those morbid humors, the cause of every variety of disease, are expelled in so easy and natural a manner that the body is restored to health as if by Magic. In addition to the thousands who have used and invariably recommend

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

the following testimonials of respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who have been cured of diseases of apparently opposite character, will prove conclusively that said Indian Pills are

IN TRUTH A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE,

and that while they are perfectly innocent, yet at the same time, they are all powerful in the cure of disease.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certify that I was attacked in 1833 with violent pain in the side and breast, accompanied by a distressing cough, palpitation of the heart, and other unpleasant complaints, which not only made life a burthen, but actually brought me to death's door.—During a period of five years I was constantly under the doctor's hands without receiving the slightest relief. I have tried all the popular medicines of the day with no better success. At length my sufferings had arrived at such a height that hope itself had fled, and nothing appeared left for me but resignation and the grave. One of my neighbors, however, who had been cured of a severe attack of liver complaint by the use of THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, prevailed on me to try them, which I finally did though with but little hope of benefit. Strange, however, as it may appear, after the first four doses the cough began to leave me. Being thus encouraged, I resolved to persevere with this astonishing medicine, which, I am happy to say has restored me to a state of sound health. Although two years have now elapsed since using the medicine as above stated, yet I still enjoy good health, and firmly believe that

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

have been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I would earnestly recommend every invalid to make trial of the above valuable medicine, and sincerely believe that in ninety nine cases out of a hundred they would be restored to health.

Signed, PETER CREIST,
Uniontown, Maryland.

RHEUMATISM.

John Burns, living at 282 North Second street, has been several years afflicted with rheumatic pains in various parts of the body. During which time he has tried various remedies, and used outward applications without number, and in all cases with no essential benefit. Was finally induced to make trial of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS a single 25 cent box of which not only gave relief, but after using them a short time, drove every particle of pain from the body.

PAIN IN THE BREAST

cured by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills.

Mrs. Burns was also troubled with pain in the side and breast, cough, difficulty of breathing, general debility, &c. and experienced the same astonishing benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

Charles Moultie, living in Locust street, between Broad and Juniper, has been afflicted several months with chills and fever, which so preyed upon his constitution that he was reduced to a mere shadow. After trying a variety of remedies without receiving any permanent benefit, was prevailed on by an acquaintance who had been cured of a severe cough and pain in the breast by the use of the Indian Vegetable Pills, to try them. Is now happy to state that said Pills not only broke the chills and fever, but restored him in every other respect to a state of sound health. Mr. M. is confident that he is indebted solely to the Indian Vegetable Pills for his restoration to health, and is anxious that all similarly afflicted should know of the wonderful powers of this medicine.

DREADFUL SWELLING OF THE SHOULDER.

Ann Weaver, living at No. 180 Spruce Street, was for several months afflicted with a severe pain and swelling of the shoulder, which not only deprived her of the use of the corresponding arm, but her sufferings was often so intense that she seemed at times scarcely able to exist. Notwithstanding various outward applications, still the inflammation continued with unabated violence, until an accumulation of matter took place, which actually [illegible] the shoulder out of place. It is here proper to remark that she had the advice of several skilful physicians, none of whom, however, were able to afford her the slightest relief. At length, when all other means had failed, she, as a last resource, made trial of

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

and after using one 25 cent box, the pain was sensibly diminished. It is needless to add, that after using the medicine a few weeks the pain and inflammation subsided. The joint also settled back into its place, and the strength of the arm gradually returned. Is confident that a perseverance in the use of the medicine, and a few months rest, would make a perfect cure.

HEADACH AND GIDDINESS.

Charles Hawson, living in Bedford street, between Marlborough and Crown streets, Kensington, has been suffering a long time with pain in the side and breast, headach, giddiness, and many other unpleasant symptoms; has been attended by several physicians. And tried various remedies without the slightest benefit; has been bled, blistered, and cupped, and tortured in every possible manner, without receiving other than partial relief. At length, hearing the Indian Vegetable Pills so highly recommended, was prevailed upon by his friends to make trial of them; has now been using them a few weeks, and, to use his own language, has derived more benefit from them than from all the doctor's stuff he has ever taken. Is now entirely free from all kinds of pain, and his general health so greatly improved that his friends hardly know him; he earnestly invites all invalids to call upon him, and thinks he can convince them that said Indian Vegetable Pills will not only restore them to a state of sound health, but that they are the most astonishing medicine ever offered to the public.

COUGH, PAIN OF THE SIDE AND BREAST.

Joseph Brage, living 215 St. John street, near Poplar Lane, has been a sufferer for eighteen years with pains in the side and breast, difficulty of breathing, cough, costiveness, &c. and for thirty years has been troubled with palpitation of the heart; has been attended by some of the best doctors in the city, and tried various remedies without receiving any substantial benefit; had finally lost all hope, when, hearing that the Indian Vegetable Pills were performing some

WONDERFUL CURES,

he resolved to give them a trial; although, as he confesses, with but little hope of benefit. Strange as it may appear however, the moment he commenced using said Indian Vegetable Pills, the pain in his side and breast began to disappear; has now used five boxes, and the palpitation is entirely stopped; his pains are nearly all gone, and he feels in every respect like a new man; is confident that perseverance in the use of the medicine is all that is wanting in order to restore him to a state of sound health.

His wife also, Mrs. B. has been afflicted many years with

VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE,

extending through to the shoulder blade, indigestion, costiveness, and many other distressing symptoms; and has received the same extraordinary benefit from the use of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills. Although she has taken only a few doses, the pain in her side is nearly gone, and her health in every respect is greatly improved.

AGENTS,

for the sale of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Henry Frees, (grocer,) *Germantown.*
John Zimmerman, *Lancaster.*
James Whitehead, (grocer,) *Manayunk.*
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown.*
James Kinn, (Shoe Dealer,) corner of [illegible] Southwark.
Mrs. R. Dodd, (Confectioner,) Market street, North side, between Schuylkill Seventh and Eighth.
Rev. Wm. E. Maxwell, 555 North Front Street, near Laurel, Kensington.
Samuel Hess, (Grocer,) corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Vine Street.
G. W. Hansell, (Grocer,) West Philadelphia, near the Permanent Bridge.
Mr. Pickerton, 41 Arcade.
John Deaslet, Frankford Road, near the Railroad Depot.

OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. sep 12—3m

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy, and of Hospitals and Alms-houses,* and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient, Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States.

The following list comprises a portion only of the most important AGENCIES viz. Jayne & Fassett, No. 158 Main street St. Louis, are General Agents for Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin; [illegible] Sheppard, No. 125 Main street, Cincinnati; [illegible] & Potter, [illegible]; James George & Co. Louisville; Mathews & Norton, Lexington, Ky.; C. A. [illegible], Nashville; J. H. [illegible], Columbus, and Dr. J. Marlow, Knoxville, Tenn.; [illegible], Natchez; [illegible] & Co. N. Orleans; Thompson & [illegible], Mobile; [illegible], Augusta; T. M. & J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Williams, Haywood & Co. Raleigh; D. W. Ware, Wilmington, N. C.; P. M. Cohen & Co. Charleston, and [illegible], Columbia, S. C.; [illegible] Todd, Washington City; [illegible] & Toy, Norfolk; [illegible] Johnson & [illegible], Richmond; J. Crumbacker, Wheeling; Dr. J. Cocke, Fredericksburg; J. F. Patterson, Staunton; D. Lyman, Lynchburg; [illegible] Roper & Jones, Petersburg, Va.; [illegible] & Co. Pratt street, Baltimore—A. Jaynes, Pittsburg, wholesale agent; Martin Lutz, Harrisburg; J. F. Long, Lancaster; G. W. Oakley, Reading, Pa.; John Rickey, Trenton; C. W. Badger, Newark; A. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, and S. Broadwell, Patterson, N. J.; A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York city, wholesale agents; S. Van Schaack, Albany; P. L. Barker, Troy; J. E. Warner, Utica; J. J. Foote, Hamilton; Henry Scranton, Rochester; R. L. Underhill, Bath; A. [illegible], Geneva; Coleman & Co. Buffalo, and H. C. Frisby, Fredonia, N. Y.; E. W. Bull, Hartford, Connecticut; J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.; D. F. Bradlee, Boston; Bryant, Bliss & Co. Springfield, Massachusetts; W. W. [illegible], Portland; E. & W. F. Hallett, Augusta; H. P. Pratt, Norridgewock; Smith & Fenno, Bangor, and J. Rickford, Eastport, Maine. sep 5—[illegible]

WANTED.—Wanted IMMEDIATELY A YOUNG LADY, to assist in a Dry Goods Store. Apply at No. 206 North Second near Noble Street.
sep 12—4t*

WE call the attention of the afflicted to the interesting certificates, in our paper, of the efficacy of DR. HARLICH'S celebrated medicines. We have seen the originals, and have no doubt but they are genuine, bearing post marks from places where cures have been performed. Those who may require medicine will do well to give the above a fair trial. We know persons who have used this medicine with very beneficial results.—*Daily Chronicle.*

☞PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia. ☜ For the sale of DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND APERIENT GERMAN PILLS, so pre-eminently recommended in the cure of DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEVERS, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, and all diseases produced from IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD. This medicine is put up on a principal different from any other preparation, and consists of two "Distinct Kinds," viz. THE APERIENT GERMAN PILLS, to cleanse the Stomach and Blood of its impurities, regulate the Bowels, remove bile from the Stomach, &c.; after which the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PILLS are used to strengthen and give tone to the Nerves, and Digestive Organs, and by their reanimating, and stomachic powers, invigorate the mind, strengthen the body, improve the memory, and enliven the imagination, by which the weak and debilitated faculties will become restored to their prestine tone and vigor.

The above medicines are a pure *Vegetable Preparation*, and harmonize so well with the constitution, that they may be taken at all times, and under any circumstances.

In most diseases the good effects of this *Invaluable Medicine* will be experienced in a few days, but in some inveterate cases nearly a month may elapse before a decided change for the better will take place.

By using these celebrated medicines according to directions, which always accompany them, the patient will soon find his sleep restored, his lost appetite resumed, his troubling frame *strengthened*, his mind calm, and all things around him will appear natural again, whereby he will be encouraged to persevere in the daily use of these medicines, until he has eradicated every symptom of disease from the system.

It is common for patients to consider themselves cured of their diseases before that end is attained, and then to neglect themselves. This is often done by patients after using the medicines but a short time, which causes such a sudden change that the patient thinks himself cured, the medicine should be used eight or ten days longer after the patient fancies that he is cured, by adhering to this many relapses may be prevented, which are far more obstinate to cure.

By keeping the medicines always on hand, the patient can at any time prevent a fresh attack, by one or more doses of these pills, and thus remedy his former error.

DYSPEPSIA, OF TEN YEARS STANDING.

I am truly happy to state to the afflicted community, that a member of my family was afflicted for ten or twelve years with the above distressing disease. The symptoms were great oppression after eating, acidity at the stomach, costiveness, flatulency, pain in the region of the stomach, a severe pain in the side and breast, sick headache, mental despondency, with other symptoms during which time numerous remedies were procured without obtaining much relief. Having heard of the good effects of DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, I was induced to give them trial, which I am happy to state that by using one box of the GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, accompanied by the STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS that they have nearly eradicated the disease. I consider it due to those afflicted, that I make this acknowledgment, that they may likewise procure the same invaluable medicines and be freed from these distressing diseases.

With gratitude and respect,
WILLIAM M. SPEAR,
No. 125 Old York Road.

Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH street, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT PROOFS OF THE EFFICACY OF DR. HARLICH'S CELEBRATED MEDICINES.—The following certificate was sent by Mr. E. B. Hinman, Agent at Cincinnati, Ohio. There can be no mistake in it, as the parties are well known. Mr. Ezekiel Rigdon, of Anderson Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, was for several years troubled with Bilious Affections, Acidity at the Stomach, attended with the usual symptoms of dyspepsia, and having made trial of various medicines without finding relief, was cured by the use of the above medicines.

Attest, EZEKIEL RIGDON.

Cincinnati, June 8th, 1840.

YET LATER.—Mr. Vance, of Washington County, Ohio, writes as follows—"Dear Sir,—Dr. Harlich's Pills are performing some of the most wonderful cures in this vicinity ever heard of. They were introduced here about six months ago by one of the neighbors, who bought half a dozen packages from Pittsburg Office. I am aware of four cases in this place where complete cures have been performed, one of *Severe Rheumatism*, two of *Dyspepsia*, and one of a most shocking and aggravated *Nervous Complaint* of ten or twelve years standing. I send you enclosed five dollars, please to forward pills for that amount by the bearer, Mr. Ward.

July 27th, 1840. Attest, JOHN VANCE.

N. B.—The above certificates, compared with the very many already received, certainly must convince those similar afflicted, that they can yet be relieved by the use of these invaluable medicines. AGENT.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN TEETHING.—When we look the Bills of Mortality we find from eighty to ninety children recorded weekly—of this number one half die from the effects of TEETHING. Will mothers any longer suffer their dear offsprings to be so suddenly snatched from them when a certain remedy is so near at hand—which is DR. PARIS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH. Hundreds of mothers and nurses are there that bless the day they first became acquainted with the virtues of this invaluable medicine. This Syrup should always be kept in the nursery, where there are young children, whereby sweet repose will be procured, and, to the enjoyment of parents, their dearest offspring restored to them again.

☞ Remember none is GENUINE unless the signature of DR. PARIS is blown in the bottles, and the labels contain an "Entry according to Act of Congress." Beware, there is a spurious imitation in the market, put up in plain bottles, and the name of Paris spelt different.

Principal Office for the United States is at No 19 North EIGHTH Street, only place in Philadelphia, where the Medicine can be obtained.

AGENTS.—Mrs. Parker, Beach street Kensington; Joseph Fryer, Second and Poplar Lane; M. Higgins, Sixth and Callowhill street; Samuel Simes, Twelfth and Chesnut; and at the Stationary Store of J. Davis, 449 Market street. Samuel Swope, Frankford; John Rittenhouse, opposite the toll-gate, Germantown; and Agents generally throughout the United States. Price 50 cents.

CURE YOUR COUGH BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.—Remember, delays are dangerous. Thousands die annually from that dreadful disease, CONSUMPTION, which might have been checked at the commencement, and disappointed of his prey, if proper means had been resorted to. The very many who have thus been snatched from that fatal ravager, by the timely use of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, bear testimony to this day, announcing the cures, the wonderful cures, performed by the use of this invaluable medicine. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street; also by John Rittenhouse, opposite the Toll gate, Germantown; Samuel Swope, Frankford; Conrad Neil, Manayunk; John Zeller, Lancaster; Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Delaware; George Getz, Reading; [illegible], Norristown; [illegible], West Chester, also by Agents generally throughout the United States.

ANOTHER RECENT TEST of the unrivalled virtues of Dr. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND APERIENT GERMAN PILLS.

DYSPEPSIA OF TEN YEARS STANDING CURED.—I was afflicted with the above complaint for ten years, which incapacitated me at intervals for the period of six years from attending to my business. I am now restored to perfect health through the frequent use of the above medicine. My symptoms were a sense of oppression after eating, pain at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, and great debility. I am willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the benefits received from the use of DR. HARLICH'S CELEBRATED MEDICINES. Any person wishing information concerning the efficacy of the Medicine, can be directing to me at the Post Office, Downington, Chester County. (signed) WM. HENDRICKS.

☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE, for the United States, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for Medicine must be directed.

INTERESTING FACTS.—DR. SWAYNE.—Respected Friend—From the very beneficial effects which I have received from the use of the COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, I am fully willing to testify to the astonishing effect. My attack was that of a common COLD, which began to threaten something of a more serious nature. Being recommended to use the above Syrup, I finally gave it a trial, and am happy to say it gave me almost instant relief. I have used it frequently, and always with the same beneficial effects. If others would use this medicine at the commencement of their COLDS and COUGHS, they would prevent a disease which would be more alarming in its character and much more obstinate in the cure.

ELWOOD L. PUSEY,
N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets Philadelphia.
Eighth month 21, 1840.

☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the sale of these Medicines in the United States, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH street Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—CONSUMPTION AND BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS CURED.—Mr. Wm. Sheppard, residing in Beaver county, Pa. near the State line, relates as follows:—"In the month of May last my wife was taken with BLEEDING FROM THE LUNGS, Coughing, Night Sweats, Hectic Fever, &c. She had taken a violent cold, having previously given symptoms of the approach of CONSUMPTION. I felt much alarmed, and made immediate application to a physician. Under his treatment she became worse, instead of better, until the first of June, when I heard from an intelligent man of DR. SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY—and from his earnestness in recommending it, I was induced to try one bottle. The effect exceeded my utmost expectations. She felt immediate relief. I then mounted my horse, and rode to the office No. 11 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, where it is kept for sale, and procured six bottles more, which I am happy to say has effected a perfect cure. Please publish this certificate with my name in full, that others may know where to find the greatest blessing on earth.

WILLIAM SHEPPARD."

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, where hundreds of certificates may be seen of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine.

CONSUMPTION AND ITS FATAL CONSEQUENCES.—It is made known to us from the bills of mortality that two thirds of the human family die annually from that fatal destroyer "Consumption." Would patients pay more regard to their health and procure proper remedies at the first attack many valuable lives would be saved to the enjoyment of their dearest friends and relatives. It is a well known fact that DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY will arrest the dangerous disease. This medicine has proven its efficacy in "Thousands of cases." The very many certificates received, and the recommendations from country agents who sell this medicine throughout the United States, is truly astonishing: they speak from ocular proof, witnessing the cures in their own vicinity. This certainly is sufficient evidence to convince the most skeptical of the wonderful efficacy of this invaluable medicine. Will patients any longer be duped by unprincipled compounds, recommended by ignorant pretenders as "sure cures" which they well know is both ruinous to the health and constitution?

PRINCIPAL DEPOT, for the above medicine is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, it may be obtained of agents throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle.

N. B.—Any person wishing to see certificates of cures and recommendations can see them at any time by calling at the Principal Depot.

Agents—John Rittenhouse, opposite the Toll Gate, Germantown; Samuel Swope, Frankford; Conrad Neil, Manayunk; Mrs. Parker, Beach street, Kensington.

TO MOTHERS.—CHILDREN TEETHING.—At this period, we are aware that these little sufferers, which are near and dear to us, suffer very much. I therefore take this opportunity of informing the public of the great benefit derived from the use of DR. PARIS' SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH. This medicine I found to produce relief as soon as applied to the Gums, it is pleasant and effectual. I feel happy in recommending it to the public, as I am certain it will save in many nights of sweet repose to parents and nurses, preventing those dangerous symptoms which slay thousands annually.

WM. JONES, North street above Willow.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia. It may be obtained of J. Davis, 449 Market Street, and of Mrs. Parker, Beach street, Kensington; and of Samuel Simes, Twelfth and Chesnut.

☞ Remember, all GENUINE has the signature of DR. PARIS blown in the bottles, and the labels and envelope contain an "entry according to the Act of Congress." As the fac simile of the proprietor is on the inside envelope. To be certain in purchasing the genuine in Philadelphia, obtain it only at the above places. Price 50 cents.

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